

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### A New Life of Barye\*

A RECENT issue of the *Courrier de l'Art* mentions that M. Roger Ballu has presented to the Institut de France his work on Antoine Louis Barye. By so doing he places himself among those who ask recognition from the Institute, the least of which will be to 'crown' his biography of the sculptor. He has strong credentials to the favor of the members. He is related to various influential artists, amongst whom is the sculptor and architect of the Louvre, M. Eugène Guillaume, who has not only contributed an introduction to this volume but received the honor of a dedication. M. Guillaume is a member of the Institute and figures appropriately enough in connection with a work on Barye, seeing that he wrote the introduction to a catalogue for the Barye Exposition in Paris last spring, and is President of the Fund for a monument to that sculptor. We may suppose, therefore, that M. Roger Ballu will have no cause to regret either introduction or dedication. Indeed, what M. Guillaume has to say in his long preface is more interesting than what the biographer brings forward.

To speak frankly, the letterpress by M. Ballu is a disappointment. It arouses the regret which is only too often associated with imposing folios like this, broad as to margin, beautiful as to printing, splendid as to a certain number of the illustrations. Such volumes are apt to be somewhat too openly calculated for a picture-book rather than a book to read. They are triumphs of the printer, the etcher, the engraver and the bookbinder, rather than books which will give connoisseurs fresh knowledge of the subject, or by exciting the imagination stimulate people to discuss the views brought forward. Considering the beauty of the photogravures in this fine volume, the quantity of literature concerning Barye which is available, and the great interest which has revived concerning that sculptor in France and America, it is only fair to expect that M. Ballu should have something new to say. With every wish to do him justice, THE CRITIC can not agree that this is the case. Bar the score of photogravures by Messrs. Goupil, and the cheap Life of Barye published last Spring by the Librairie de l'Art is much the better work. M. Ballu has to traverse the same ground as that taken by the capable writer of that little work, as well as by the 'Life and Works of Antoine Louis Barye,' issued last autumn from the DeVinne Press as a memorial for the American branch of the Barye Monument Association. It is his misfortune that the work appears a good deal later than those two volumes; but for that very reason we might fairly expect him to take up the subject afresh, consider what has been written about Barye in French and English, and make his own contribution timely by a critical review of the Barye literature, as well as by an individual estimate of the sculptor. He does none of these things. He passes in the conventional way from point to point of the sculptor's life-

career without regard to the peculiar circumstances in the political, the religious and the artistic phases of French thought which obtained during Barye's long career. This is a surprise, for it indicates timidity; and whatever may be said of French writers, timidity is rarely one of their sins. We are more inclined to believe that M. Ballu was not exactly fitted for this particular sort of work, however able he may be in others.

This Life is essentially a negative volume, being fairly written, reverential enough to the genius of the subject, pleasing in style, kindly in expression, and giving evidence that a good deal of thought and labor has gone to its making. Eccentricities in the spelling of English words must, we suppose, be always expected until French publishers learn that it is necessary to have an English proof-reader. Thus on page 132, line 9, we have 'mail-coachs' and on page 158, note 1, no less than ten mistakes in eight short lines of English. In the note on page 133 the writer himself makes several errors where he says that Mr. W. T. Walters 'a fondé la galerie Corcoran au Musée de Washington, composée des œuvres de Barye.' A little inquiry would have made it clear that the Corcoran Gallery, though at Washington, is by no means a gallery in the National Museum, and that the Barye bronzes in the Corcoran only form a small portion of its contents.

These are venial errors, however, and it is pleasanter to note the beauties than the defects of this superb volume. There is great wealth of cuts in the text, produced by the Goupil process called typogravure. Some of these are good, but the majority leave much to be desired in clearness and snap. Yet their number is important in a book relating to the works of a sculptor; for even an indifferent cut is better than no cut at all. Twenty photogravures, however, are beyond criticism. Twenty-four are called for by the title-page; but four of these are reproductions of studies which might be better given by typogravure, as nothing is gained by the finer process. There remain twenty exquisite heliogravures which alone would make the volume valuable to a lover of Barye's sculpture. The title-page is a very excellent portrait of Barye, apparently taken from a photograph. He stands with his hands in his pockets, clad in an old-fashioned coat with a long and ample waistcoat of the quaintest cut. Photogravures of statuettes give admirably the sheen of bronze, though of course not the colors of various patines. That of 'Peace'—one of the groups on the Louvre—seems to have been taken from the bronze reproduction by Barbédienne instead of the original stone; while the 'Lion and Serpent' of the Tuileries gardens seems photographed from the plaster-cast, not the original bronze. Among the new pictures American collectors will enjoy are the view of Barye's cottage at Barbizon, 'Hercules Throwing a Boar Over his Head,' a statuette in typogravure, and 'Bust of a Woman.' Those who may have doubted the statement that Barye was a great reader will find corroboration from M. Ballu (page 17) that he spent much time over books. Interesting are the sculptor's letters to the Institute (1866), setting forth his qualifications for a chair, and to the authorities, declining to enter a competition for a statue at Reims to Colbert.

Ballu gives no real explanation for Barye's failure to continue work on the statue of Napoleon I. for the town of Grenoble, perhaps because that might affect persons living. We learn from him that the statue of Barye is to be in marble; and in an old copy of *L'Artiste* he has found that in 1831 the sculptor had received an order to make a portrait of the King. It is probable, however, so far as the latter point is concerned, that the paper was mistaken, or else that nothing came of the order; for had he had a single sitting from the King, it would not have been overlooked by those writers who knew Barye personally. This biographer thinks that although Barye never left France he belongs to those natures who would not be overwhelmed by the art of the Renaissance found in Italy or spoiled by residence at

\* L'Œuvre de Barye. Par Roger Ballu. Précédé d'une Introduction de M. Eugène Guillaume, Membre de l'Institut. 24 Grandes Planches hors texte en Heliogravure. Paris: Maison Quantin. New York: F. W. Christen.

Rome. He seems to regret that Barye never made a pilgrimage to that Mecca of sculptors.

This imposing volume is noteworthy as another sign of the attention now directed in France to those artists who suffered neglect, in so far as the best they had to offer is concerned, owing to a lack of knowledge among persons in power. What has been collected in France toward the fund for Barye's monument is not known; but, according to the daily papers, America has raised thus far \$8400 or more, as her contribution to the memory of a rare and rarely modest genius in sculpture.

#### "God in His World" \*

'GOD IN HIS WORLD' is in many ways a remarkable book that will commend itself to all who can appreciate its spiritual significance, its deep and lofty insight. On the other hand, it will no doubt be looked upon with suspicion by those who are not ready to divest themselves of the outward, formal semblance of religion and lift the veil which holds the sacred truths still swathed and buried under fold upon fold of dogma and legend. The anonymous writer calls his work 'an interpretation,' and 'an esoteric, in contradistinction to an exoteric, interpretation.' This distinction arises, he says, when men have made of religion a fixed institution, confining their divinities within temples and surrendering to a priestly order the deepest meanings of their faith. Formerly the divine was all in all, filling, overflowing everything. 'Now the human has taken the divine in hand, the priest or *mystagogue* leading and giving what he will, and in what shape he will unto the multitude.' But a new birth has dawned; subtle forces have been everywhere working around us, and on all sides, now, there is an awakening unto life.

'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' This is the text whereon the author builds, and this the condition whereby the life shall be attained, the spirit restored, the kingdom revived. For what is the kingdom of God? It is no external realm, but the kingdom within us, the inner spiritual life, the life within the life, the union of man's will with the divine; 'a kingdom that cometh not by observation'—having no relation to time or space, and, therefore, 'not distinctively the Future Life,' but the life immanent, the life universal and everlasting. Heaven is a spiritual relation, not a place. 'We are not to be transplanted into it; it is planted in us.' Read by this inner vision, all the wonderful teachings of Christ take on fresh power and grace. The parables are alive again with vital and immortal truth; 'regarded in the light of experience, they are paradoxes, though unto the spiritual sense they are intuitions.' Of all teachers that have ever lived, Christ alone has said, 'I am the Life'; but after him, all can say it; 'and there is no redemption of humanity until every man can say this to every other,'—in other words, until every man can recognize and receive within himself the life of which Christ became the expression, the ideal and therefore the real life. Then each and all shall be the Christ, and the whole world shall be regenerate.

But a question here forces itself upon us. How does it come that, after nearly two thousand years of Christian teaching, the world is still unregenerate, 'the kingdom' still 'to come'? According to our author's showing, the whole fabric of Christian civilization is a vast structure of materialism—materialism in the life, the thought, the practice and the creed. The world has grown a prison; man stands self-centred and alone; 'no sound but in the ear, no light but in the eye'—darkness and silence beyond, 'and glibly naming all things under the sun, he is unable to utter the name of God, of the Soul or of an endless Life.' And where does the responsibility of this rest? Not quite where our author puts it, we think. Does he not mistake effect for cause when he lays such stress upon the false leadings of

the intellect—the teachings of physical science and of a philosophy 'that knows only outward obligations.' Scepticism is the natural outgrowth of superstition, and materialism of idolatry. Agnosticism expresses a great patience and a great trust—the attitude of those who stand and wait until the kingdom be re-established. In reality, life has been poisoned at its very source. It is religion that has been false to its own divine essence. Grasping at the form, it has caged and imprisoned the spirit, taking upon itself a body of outward observance and limitation which is the Church, where the Christ (that is, the spiritual nature) is entombed, and where human authority and tradition have usurped the voice of the divine, proclaiming, 'I am the Life.' Let us beware how we invoke again the name of God—the Supreme Being whom we have not yet learned how to honor—or, rather, let us imitate the Hebrews of old who refrained from pronouncing the ineffable, the unpronounceable name.

#### Dr. Schaff's "Literature and Poetry" \*

WITH this portly and handsome volume, Dr. Schaff completes his thirteenth distinct book written in English—not to mention encyclopædias, review articles, editorial introductions, etc.—and his twenty-third volume. His first important work, a 'History of the Apostolic Church,' was written in German, and published in 1851. Of his most widely read book, 'The Person of Christ,' published in 1865, and now translated into Dutch, French, Russian, Japanese, etc., there have been printed in America twelve editions. Now that this Swiss-German-American is over in Europe, knocking at the door of the Vatican, commended alike by Protestant and Roman Catholic as a dispassionate and candid church-historian, we may glance at his life and work, hoping, in common with all his readers, that His Holiness the Pope will speak the 'Open Sesame' to the Vatican library and all its documentary treasures.

The Pennsylvania German; of the Reformed Church, at the beginning of that movement popularly known by the name of 'the Mercersburg Theology,' which came about by the contact of modern German theological culture with American church-life, sought in Germany for a teacher. This was in 1842, when Dr. Philip Schaff was *privat-docent* at the Berlin University. Recommended by Neander, Tholuck and Müller, the young professor came to America, and at the theological school at Mercersburg, Pa., joined the brilliant group, of which Rauch and Nevin were members, and of whose work Harbaugh, Higbee, Gast and Apple were the continuers. Escaping the clutches of the heresy-hunters, he labored as teacher and scholar from 1843 to 1863, until Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania turned his lecture-room into a hospital-ward. Leaving the scenes of war, he came to New York; and from that year date his cosmopolitan labors as editor, critic, reviser, and author. Since 1869 he has been one of the Professors in Union Theological Seminary. He is a German-American Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian and man-of-letters. Only one with erudition and experience like his, we imagine, could write the essay on the English language which occupies the first sixty-two pages in his most recent publication. 'Heterogeneous in formation, homogeneous in character, universal in destination for the spread of civilization,' Dr. Schaff wields it with a clearness and point envied by many to whom it is vernacular. Another essay—the best thing in the book—treats of the poetry of the Bible. In four chapters, the author pursues his favorite theme of Latin hymns and composers—'Dies Irae,' 'Stabat Mater Dolorosa,' 'Stabat Mater Speciosa,' and 'St. Bernard as a Hymnist.' In these four discussions one gets an impressive exhibition of the labors of the many translators who have endeavored, with only partial success, to win the secret of the heart of the Middle Ages as it pulsed in rhythm. To the paper on 'The University, Past, Present and Future,' one almost in-

\* God in His World. An Interpretation. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Bros.

\* Literature and Poetry. By Philip Schaff. \$3. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



stinctively looks for a companion-piece upon the Cathedral. Instead of this, we have three essays on Dante, on poetic tributes to the Tuscan singer, and on the 'Divina Commedia.' On this mediæval miracle of song, Dr. Schaff has spent long years of study, and the whole subject is dealt with in so clear and admirable a manner, that this part of his work will serve as a useful and inspiring introduction to more serious study of the poet. There is a good index, and a portrait of the author in the cap and gown of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, which honored him with a degree in 1888. The volume is an excellent illustration of the combination of letters and theology.

#### Col. Dodge's "Alexander"\*

COL. DODGE is indefatigable. Last year his lectures on 'Six Great Captains' were published in an attractive form; and this year he appears with a handsome volume of six hundred pages, entitled 'Alexander.' He promises to follow this work with monographs on Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. These volumes, constituting a series of memoirs of Great Captains, are an immense amplification of his lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute—if it be not the case that the latter were an abridgment of what is about to be given to the world in full form. 'Alexander' is introduced by chapters which are intended to summarize our knowledge of the most ancient methods of warfare, as practised by the Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Jews, Egyptians, and Persians. The ten following chapters are devoted to the military history of the Greeks and Macedonians, from the mythical siege of Troy to the death of Philip. From this time on the narrative is occupied exclusively with the campaigns of Alexander.

The historical basis of the book is the 'Anabasis' of Arrian. This, which is of course the most valuable of our sources of knowledge about the great Macedonian, is followed very closely by Col. Dodge, but he has supplied the lapses in that narrative by judicious use of Quintus Curtius, Plutarch, and others. While we can never know all the details of Alexander's conquests; while, as Col. Dodge remarks, the larger part of his Eastern conquests 'are practically inaccessible to the modern traveller, and no geographer has been able to secure more than general accuracy'; and while we are ignorant of many details of Alexander's methods, still, the general outlines are so well known that, from a military stand-point, the author is quite justified in interpreting the baffling passages of the old classical writers with some freedom, and in explaining plans of battle and movements of troops in the light of modern military science. It is refreshing to see that he believes that these campaigns were dictated by reason and judgment and high military genius, and were not simple 'accidents.'

The style, which is clear and interesting and (to use a word which the author has a special and dangerous fondness for) 'crisp,' flows on with a certain vividness which carries one along with it to the very last page without weariness or disappointment. Cuts of coins and objects of classical art—painted vases, temple friezes, reliefs from tombs, sarcophagi and monuments—are used with great freedom and skill to illustrate the arms and methods of early war. Besides these, the book is well supplied with plans of battles, some wholly or half imaginary, others well supported by historical evidence.

#### George Sand's "Bagpipers"†

THE CHARM of this crisp woodland romance lies largely in the harmony of its soft grey colors, its simple passions, the poetry of its upland scenery, and the sweetness of George Sand's style. The two halves that constituted this great woman were so different! It seems incredible that the im-

passioned author of 'Consuelo' and of a whole host of subjective psychological romances of overwrought feeling, could retire from this hectic atmosphere almost at will and emerge on such a deliciously rural theme as 'The Bagpipers,' full of the tinkle of silvery brooks, the twitter of birds, the chatter of Bourbonnais peasants, the music of *musettes*, the sights and smells of pastoral romance. George Sand, however, like George Eliot, was brought up in the country: her dear Berry had put its indelible finger on her before she became sophisticated by the life of Paris, and through her blood there coursed a rich stream of Saxon woodland associations, descending with her descent from the forests of central Germany. In this novel she is much truer than Balzac could have been to the traditions of the country. Balzac's country folk always live in the large provincial country town which is little different from a city: his passions and adventures, his tragic art and descriptive powers are all lavished on virtually metropolitan themes. In George Sand, on the contrary, the country is the country: genuine, unmistakable, in sight, smell, sound; her country folk are the ancient peasantry. There is no artificiality or sophistication about her tales of the provinces: they are as locally distinct in their large horizons, their murmuring woods, their mighty waters as Auvergne, Berry, the Bourbonnais can be from the asphalt of the boulevards or the emasculated landscape of the Bois. In the 'Maîtres Sonneurs' ('The Bagpipers') there is all the ineffaceable charm of great landscape-painting set with simple human passions that play and counterplay, contend and sport with each other in a fashion altogether human. 'How make such a *bourgeois* environment tolerable?' cries the Balzac-*gourmand* fed on the highly spiced intrigues of the 'Peau de Chagrin' or the transcendentalism of 'Séraphita'? How, indeed, except by the art that has made of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' an immortal story? Brulette, Mariton, José, Thérèse, Père Bastien, the Huriels tell the story among them in a truly fascinating way: the story of provincial laborers who love the bagpipers and their old-fashioned music, the ways and wanderings of muleteers, the loves and hates of simple people who till the soil and have their rivalries: about all which flow the coronation-ropes of George Sand's noble style in a way that lifts these rustic existences to a plane with works of the highest artistic excellence, and makes one read to the last line of the charming work.

#### Schouler's History of the United States\*

THE APPEARANCE in improved form, and from a metropolitan publishing-house, of Mr. Schouler's scholarly work calls attention anew to its signal merits. The City of Washington can not as yet be accurately described as the 'literary centre' of the United States, if indeed there be, or is to be, any such place. To publish a good book on the banks of the Potomac is not, as yet, the best way to make it known to the world. Hitherto, Mr. Schouler's volumes of history have issued from the National Capital, and have not met with the welcome they deserve. Coming now with the imprint of a well-known New York firm, they are more likely to win their meed of honor and use. It is a special work that Mr. Schouler has set himself to accomplish. Mr. Bancroft has written our colonial and constitutional history, and it is more than probable that his work is done. Hildreth's covered the period from 1783 to 1817. Of monographs, such as those of Fiske, Higginson and Adams, there are many, and some of them are excellent. Mr. James Schouler, a Boston lawyer already well-known as a political and legal writer, proposed to himself about the year 1865 to write the story of the nation from 1783 to 1861. With a singularly judicial mind, wide grasp of diverse materials, strong power of dramatic condensation, ability to recognize the truth in fiction and *belles-lettres* and to detect the falsehood under the guise of formal fact, and with no mean literary skill, he

\* Alexander. By Col. Theo. A. Dodge. \$5. (Great Captains.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† The Bagpipers. By George Sand. Translated by Miss K. P. Wormeley. \$2.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.

\* History of the United States Under the Constitution. By James Schouler. 4 vols. \$6. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

has wrought out a history worthy of the name. His fourth volume ends with the year 1847. In a concluding instalment, he hopes to compress his studies within the dimensions of a single volume. As Mr. Schouler's work has already been passed upon favorably by the general consensus of the ablest criticism, and as THE CRITIC only recently noticed the fourth volume, it is unnecessary at present to do more than call attention to the improved typography. The four volumes are printed in uniform style, on a clear page with ample margins, the dates being let into the text at the side and the chapter-numbers given at the top. The binding is good, and each volume has an index. The tables-of-contents are full; and at the end there are valuable tables of Electoral votes cast, length of Congressional sessions, and the text of the Constitution. The best use has been made of the great libraries of the country and of the archives of the State Department. We know of no better presentation, in excellent literary form, of the old and new materials serviceable for a history of the United States under the Constitution.

#### Poetry and Verse \*

A DELIGHTFUL little book for children young and old is Sophia H. Maclehose's 'Tales from Spenser' (1), a collection of stories taken from 'The Faerie Queene.' Here in attractive and simple language one may read of Una and the Lion, Britomart and the Magic Mirror, Braggadochio, Calidore and Pastorella, how the Red-cross Knight slew the Dragon, and a half-dozen other of the principal episodes in the poem. The author has succeeded in telling these stories in an admirable manner, and has made it possible for children to enjoy a good share of Spenser's long poem before they are old enough to read it for themselves. To Appleton's Town and Country Library has been added a very commendable selection of 'Robert Browning's Principal Shorter Poems' (2), making a book of about three hundred pages, and containing nearly one hundred pieces. For fifty cents one can have in this shape many of the best things to be found in the whole range of the poet's many volumes. New issues in the Macmillan series of English Classics for Indian Students are 'Milton's Comus' (3), edited by Prof. William Bell of Government College, Lahore, and 'Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel,' Cantos I-III. (4), edited by Prof. G. H. Stuart of Presidency College, Madras. To each of these the editor has furnished an excellent introduction and a very complete body of notes, bringing it in all respects up to the high standard of the previous volumes. As we have said before, this series is admirably adapted to the use of all students of English literature. 'The Re-Strung Harp' (5) is a booklet of rhymlets by the Rev. William Read. The verses are hard lines: many of them being resurrected from the gentleman's school-days. 'Songs of Help and Inspiration' (6), by Brewer Mattocks, is a slim volume containing no inspiration and revealing a woful need of help which the author did not get. Readers of the poems of Wm. T. Washburn, which are often spirited, usually dainty in form, and always freighted with a bold thought or charming conceit, will be glad to know of their collection in one of the pretty volumes which issue from the Knickerbocker Press. Old favorites, which have become familiar to us in the periodicals, are brought together, in 'Spring and Summer,' with new verses, and the whole arranged in categories which take their rubrics from the names of women, followed by 'Ballads,' 'The Little World,' 'The Great World' 'Choriambics,' etc. In the poems in the last-named division the author is, to our taste, at his best.

#### Minor Notices

THE MODEST little volume, entitled 'To Europe on a Stretcher,' in which Mrs. Clarkson N. Potter details her experience of travel as an invalid who 'for years has literally seen the world only from a wheel chair,' is written in a kindly spirit for the benefit of those who may be tempted by her success to follow her example. Two separate journeys to and about Europe, under the charge of her children, with a man-servant to take the chief weight at the back of the stretcher, and such carriers as were always to be procured when needed among sailors, porters, and railway employees, are described in pleasant detail. The glimpses of scenery, and of people of note encountered by the way, not excepting the famous

massense, Charlotte Nantel, whose services, at Aix, Mrs. Potter shared with her Majesty the Queen of England, and the rather tantalizing allusions to certain evidently charming persons as 'A,' 'B,' 'C' or 'D,' might have been expanded into many more pages than the author has seen fit to bestow on them. The journeying of a cultured family of ample means, able to command whatever is lacking to their comfort, may not, as a model, be practically useful to average invalids; but it is agreeable to read about. (\$1. E. P. Dutton & Co.)—'ON THE WING through Europe' is a book of travels in the form of letters, written by Mr. Francis C. Sessions, President of the Ohio Historical Society, to the *Daily Ohio State Journal* of Columbus. First published ten years ago, its success has warranted its reappearance in the new and handsome garb at present exhibited, and with some good illustrations by E. W. Deming. (\$1.50. Welch, Fracker Co.)

A SIXTH EDITION of the time-honored and valuable 'Hints to Travellers,' issued to the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society and the public by Douglas W. Freshfield and W. I. L. Wharton, R. N., has received at the hands of the present editors such correction as time and the progress of science and discovery render needful, while the various sections have been revised and enlarged by their respective authors. Primarily intended for the use of expert travellers who are 'trained in the elements of surveying, practised in general observation, and experienced in the shifts of travel,' this very complete book of instructions will be found of interest to less aspiring voyagers, and even to those who stay quietly at home. Its chapters, in clear print and wording, cover the wide range of subjects from hints on outfit, medicine, surveying and astronomy, photography, meteorology and climate, geology, natural history, anthropology, and paper moulding of monuments, to advice as how best to note the resources, wants, and accessibility of the countries visited with a view to general contributions to the knowledge of the world, or of a special consideration of such places as are suitable for immigration and colonization. It is a pocket-companion that Americans, who are nowadays such devoted globe-trotters, should welcome heartily, as Englishmen long have done. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)

VOLUME V. of Prof. Masson's edition of the writings of Thomas De Quincey contains biographies and biographical sketches. The frontispiece is a good portrait, from a painting, of the master of English style, and a good wood-cut of Charles Lamb fitly adorns the title-page. The editor's preface is delightfully written, and introduces us to the characters sketched in the volume. These are Dr. Samuel Parr, the Marquis Wellesley, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Prof. John Wilson, Sir William Hamilton, Charlemagne and Joan of Arc. Besides the literary feast of good things in the essays themselves, we have all of De Quincey's own notes, prefaces, and addenda, besides many interesting jottings by the editor, so that little, if anything, of importance to the lover of De Quincey seems to have been omitted. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)—ONE handy volume contains the biographies of Roger Ascham and Thomas Arnold. The story of the former is told by Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that of the latter by Dean Stanley; the former memoir being reprinted in full, while the latter consists of selections. An introduction is furnished by James H. Carlisle of Spartansburg, S. C., whose work has been done with taste and skill. (\$1. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.)

THE MORAL and religious power which a layman, in the ordinary course of a busy life, can exert in the world is illustrated in the story of 'Robert Brett: His Life and Works.' This English gentleman was a general medical practitioner in Stoke-Newington, where he spent the best years of his life, dying in 1874. By sheer force of ability and character and straightforward unselfishness he held a foremost place among the great men of church and state. The Rev. Dr. T. W. Belcher, who has been both medically and theologically educated, is his biographer. His book of over four hundred unindexed pages is not only a good picture of a noble character, but incidentally gives an American reader an insight into social, medical, philanthropic, theological and political currents of life in England. (\$2. E. P. Dutton & Co.)—'THE MIDDLE CLASS Cookery Book,' compiled and edited for the Manchester School of Domestic Economy and Cookery, contains so much sound theoretical wisdom, practically applied, that it ought to be welcomed even in American kitchens, where all cooks are queens, and no class lines are tolerated. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that, bearing such a title, it will be openly allowed to take its right place among us. Perhaps, kept in the drawer of the dresser, and covered with the clean towels not in use, it may come, in time, to be indispensable to our comfort. It is a fact established by those who have the backstairs privilege of entry to the tables of the

\* 1. Tales from Spenser. By Sophia H. Maclehose. \$1.25. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2. Robert Browning's Principal Shorter Poems. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 3. Milton's Comus. Edited by William Bell. 50 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co. 4. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Edited by G. H. Stuart. 50 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co. 5. The Re-Strung Harp. By Rev. William Read. Boston: Lakeview Printing Co. 6. Songs of Help and Inspiration. By Brewer Mattocks. New York: American News Co. 7. Spring and Summer; or, Blushing Hours. By Wm. T. Washburn. \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



great, that most sovereigns prefer mutton-chops and plain puddings, to *timbales rissoles*, and such-like kickshaws; and in looking over these pages, one is consolingly convinced that even Queen Victoria has probably tasted a Lancashire Roly-Poly, and that the little Princes and Princesses must often have clamored for a second helping of Alexandra Pudding. (50 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

THE 'EDITION BERLITZ,' published monthly in New York and Boston, gives to its annual subscribers, or to the buyer of an incidental number, a well chosen comedy, monologue, or selection from famous French prose. To the admirers of the dainty trifles of the French stage, one need only recite the list of publications mapped out until the month of June, to convey assurance of the discretion employed in their choice: 'Le Retour du Japon,' by Delacour and Erny; 'La Gifle,' by Dreyfus; 'En Wagon' and 'Les Rêves de Marguerite,' by Verconsin; 'Les Deux Timides,' by Marc Michel and Labiche; 'L'Eté de la Saint Martin,' by Meilhac and Halévy; and, in addition, 'Anecdotes from the Life and Works of Alexandre Dumas,' by P. Rogez. Most of the little plays cited are within the scope of amateurs—that is to say, of amateurs who will recognize, at the outset, the fact that the apparent simplicity of such a charming comedy as 'L'Eté de la Saint Martin,' for instance, demands their best endeavor to interpret it even respectably. (Brentano's.)—'LA METROMANIE' ('The Poetaster') is a good modern imprint of Piron's famous old comedy, upon which that clever writer of many epigrams during the early and middle part of the eighteenth century rests his claims to rank as a dramatist. With an introduction, arguments and notes in English, by Prof. Léon Delbos, the play is thus put easily within the reach of students desiring to familiarize themselves with an example of Piron's style.—Lamartine's 'Jeanne d'Arc,' edited, with notes and a vocabulary, by Prof. Albert Barrère, belongs to the same series as the foregoing. The little story thus provided for the aspirant of good literature in French is a simple and exquisitely written narrative of the chief events in the life of the Maid of Orleans. Lamartine himself spoke of it as 'plus semblable à un récit de la Bible, qu'à une page du monde nouveau.' (40 cts. each. D. C. Heath & Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

LORD LYTON'S 'The Ring of Amasis' comes to the front as leading article in the April *English Illustrated*; but 'Rowing at Oxford' and 'Rowing at Cambridge,' with their portraits of celebrated oarsmen, including Tom Tims, the Oxford boatman, and William Henri Waddington, the French ambassador and whilom No. 6 of the Cambridge eight, will more likely engage the attention first. 'Social Life in Bulgaria' has pictures of gaily dressed peasants in their wedding-costumes or in holiday dress, and ready for the national dance, the 'Hora.' Willoughby Maycock writes on 'Seals and Sealskins,' and the Marchioness of Carmarthen (by the way, when, why and how was the *e* dropped from Caermarthen?) has a short story, 'Morised.'—Prof. John Fiske opens the May *Popular Science* with an account of the life of the late Edward L. Youmans, including the story of his association with Herbert Spencer. Prof. Fiske was a warm friend of Prof. Youmans, and describes with sympathetic appreciation his fruitful labors in popularizing science and the evolution philosophy in America. Herbert Spencer has decided to publish the opening chapters of one of the uncompleted parts of his system of philosophy, dealing with morality. Three of these chapters—'Animal Ethics,' 'Sub-human Justice,' and 'Human Justice'—are printed in the *Monthly* under the general title 'On Justice.' A comparison of 'Secondary School Programmes, French and American' is by George W. Beaman, who maintains that, if our high and preparatory schools are to compare well with those of France, the pupils must not only do more work, but must work on more distinctly specialized lines. 'Sumptuary Laws and their Social Influence' are discussed by Dr. William A. Hammond, who shows the absurd failures of laws against fine dress, costly food, and smoking, in Rome, France, Turkey, and England, and against the selling and drinking of alcoholic liquors in some of the United States.

THREE of De Quincey's family—one son and two daughters—are still in the land of the living. This surviving son is Paul Frederick De Quincey, who won distinction in India during the Mutiny. He retired from the Army many years ago, when he had attained the rank of Brigade-Major, and proceeding to New Zealand, purchased land and settled there. He organized the New Zealand Militia about the time of the last Maori war, and is at present Sergeant-at-Arms to the New Zealand Parliament. Mrs. Baird Smith, the widow of a distinguished officer in the Bengal Engineers, and Miss De Quincey, the two daughters, reside together in London.

#### Boston Letter

THERE IS A tendency among some of our book-publishing and associate interests, which I have not seen noticed in the newspapers, to locate near the wharves where there is more light and air than can be had farther away from them. Purchase Street (the birthplace of the illustrious patriot Samuel Adams), known of old as Belcher's Lane, from the family of a Colonial Governor, is the quarter particularly favored in the new movement, especially that part of it near Oliver Street, which recalls the noted Tory family one of whose members was Lieutenant-Governor and Stamp-Collector, and another Chief Justice, just before the Revolution. The name suggests also the connection of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes with the family, and it is an interesting fact that his ancestor, Judge Oliver Wendell, lived on Oliver Street opposite the home of Lieut.-Gov. Andrew Oliver, which was assailed by the mob that overthrew the Stamp Office at the dock near by. The locality has been transformed from a residential into a business quarter within the recollection of middle-aged men, and its natural features have been effaced by the removal of Fort Hill, one of the three eminences which gave to Boston the name Trimount, which is recalled in the more familiar Tremont that figures as the designation of a street, a hotel, a theatre, and a temple.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have their entire establishment in this cool locality, and D. Lothrop Co. have their publishing plant here. Two or three large printing-houses are also on this spot, and several trade newspapers, among them *The Journal of Commerce*. Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole says that to get to this locality, where he has his literary workshop, he has to pass through Hades, the place of souls (soles), the neighborhood being mainly occupied by the boot and shoe and leather interests. The changes which have come over this part of Boston are full of historic and literary suggestiveness.

A new volume of Balzac translated by Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley has come to be looked upon as a literary treat, and even persons who are able to read the great novelist in the original enjoy the admirable felicity with which this translator renders his characteristics into English. The next volume of the series which Roberts Bros. have arranged for is entitled 'Fame and Sorrow,' from the initial story, and it will be published in May. Besides this story there are seven others of the most famous of his short tales, 'Col. Chabert,' 'Victory Without a Fight,' 'The Forest and the Harvest,' 'The Atheists' Mass,' 'The Purse,' 'The Grenadier,' and 'The Great Brèche.' All these stories are marked by the wonderful power of analysis and description for which Balzac is noted. The characters are full of vitality, and they are depicted in a style of remarkable force and picturesqueness. It is interesting to recall the fact that the story which gives its name to the book was originally called 'The House of the Cat-of-Four-Tails,' from the large French hostelry bearing this sign. There is an interesting description of this house, with its quaint, old-fashioned knocker, and the heavy iron bars protecting the windows of the shop in the basement, the delicate panes of which were guarded inside by ponderous wooden shutters.

A very attractive book for summer reading, though suitable also for other seasons from the warmth and sunshine which it embodies, is 'Idylls of the Field,' by F. A. Knight, which Roberts Bros. will bring out on June 1. It is a most delightful picture of the various aspects of rural scenes, with sketches of animate and inanimate nature that are instinct with appreciation of their beauty. Birds, animals, and trees come in for sympathetic observation and description, and the varying seasons are depicted with tender feeling. Here are the titles of some of the chapters: 'A Wintry Dawn,' 'A Secret of the Hills,' 'Heralds of the Spring,' 'Castles in the Air,' 'Meadows of Asphodel,' 'At the Bend of the River,' 'The Gift of Song,' 'A Robber Stronghold,' 'A Sea Bird's Haunt,' 'In the Heart of the Mountain,' 'In the Heart of the Forest,' 'His Native Heath,' and 'When the Wind Bloweth in From the Sea.'

I have been impressed by the author's loving sympathy with birds that kept him from shooting the rare and graceful 'chough,' which is familiar to readers of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. He preferred the recollection of the scene unsullied by associations with death and taxidermy. 'Better the memory of the twilight in the hills; the well-remembered picture of the sleeping bird, the sound of its unfamiliar voice, and the rush of its vanishing wings, than the possession of its skin mounted by the most dexterous hand—all the grace gone out of it. No more of the free life of the hills; no more triumphant flights across the seas of purple heather. Nothing but to stand forever behind the glass of an ugly bird-case in the den of a musty naturalist.' The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated with wood-engravings by E. T. Compton.

'By Leafy Ways,' a book of similar character, by the same author, of which Roberts Bros. imported an English edition last year, is to be published on June 1. It has been widely appreciated for its vivid

descriptions of bird and animal life in English lanes, woods and meadows, and the author has been compared to Jefferies for his close and sympathetic observation of nature. I hear that the limited edition of William Morris's 'Home of the Wolfings' lately published by Messrs. Roberts is nearly exhausted.

Mr. Francis Boott, author of 'A Health to King Charles,' has set to music Col. Higginson's 'Sixty and Six,' a poem addressed to his little daughter, and his 'Vestis Angelica,' the latter being arranged as a chant for four voices. Mr. Boott had previously set to music Col. Higginson's 'Waiting for the Bugle.'

Mr. James R. Osgood, who leaves for New York to-day and sails for Europe on April 30, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich during his visit to Boston. He looks as hearty, albeit a trifle older, than when he made the memorable agreement with the 'Gad's Hill Gasper' (Charles Dickens) for a walking-match with George Dolby in the suburbs of Boston, twenty-two years ago.

BOSTON, April 21, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### London Letter

THE stamp-collecting mania is once more prevalent. Not that it ever dies out, or is in the slightest danger of doing so—one would be tempted to exclaim 'Would it were!' so unintelligible and inexplicable does such a pursuit seem to the uninitiated,—but what I mean is that there are periodical seasons when the philatelist is 'on the feed' when his maw is voracious, when nothing but gigantic hauls, and 'finds' that beat the record, will satisfy his greed,—and then we hear of him. What we hear causes us to raise our eyebrows, to let drop our jaws. Good Heavens! we cry, can such—ahem! folly be credible? That stamps, old postage-stamps, stamps which have already fulfilled their chief end in life, and which were worth but a few pence in their heyday—that these paltry snuffets of paper should have the power of arousing in the human breast a passion which has monopolized more than one life, and eaten up more than one fortune—it is too much to believe! Of course, those who thus cry out will be instructed as to the secret of the value attached to a stamp. I have myself been thus instructed times without number; but could never, for the life of me, see the matter in any different light. Suppose a rare postage-stamp does recall a certain crisis in the history of a nation, what else does it do? Would not the fact recorded in any history book 'recall' as much—or more? The stamp tells nothing—shows nothing—except that it was itself promulgated. It affords no specimen of science, art, nor literature, it brings before us no scene of bygone days. It is there, and attests a bold fact, a naked truth (which no one ever doubted), and that is, in so far as I can judge, all it does. Yet here is the testimony of *Galignani* as regards the stamp-collecting mania on the Continent:—'There exists in Paris a regular market, or exchange, for old stamps. It is held every Sunday afternoon, and is attended by some fifty or sixty persons of all ages, and social positions. Twenty-five years ago the various stamps to be obtained did not exceed five hundred; now-a-days some albums contain 3000. The most valuable private collection belongs to M. Philippe de Ferrari, who attends the Paris mart regularly to enrich his album, a family souvenir which has already cost over 60,000*l.* . . . Not the least curious sight in Paris is this weekly gathering; yet nothing to an outsider reveals the momentous matter at issue. There is no fuss, no noise. A would-be buyer approaches the seller, opens his book, and silently turns over its well-stocked leaves.'

One of the rarest stamps now in request is the McMahon stamp. When the Marshal was President of France, his wife was anxious to see his image set in stamps, and some designs were prepared, but another was finally adopted. There are, however, collectors who believe that some of these McMahon stamps got into circulation, hence they would be, if found, almost priceless in value; as valuable, in fact, as one or two 'Victoria and Albert' penny stamps, which are also believed by some not to have been destroyed, though never officially used.

A hot-headed, argumentative, wrangling, jangling sort of a book—and of course one-sided, as wrangling books are bound to be—is 'Oliver Cromwell: the Protector,' by Reginald Palgrave, just published by Sampson Low. Outwardly the volume is so well turned out in all respects, that I am sorry to say how much it disappointed me on cutting the rind. It is, I doubt not, excellent, instructive reading for those who have never before perused the history of the Commonwealth, and who desire now to do it from a single point of view only,—but surely there are not many such readers left. What Mr. Reginald Palgrave thinks of Oliver Cromwell is very forcibly insisted upon, but I doubt if either Oliver's friends or foes will sufficiently care to probe the depths of his opinion, considering that the depths are deep.

Do American children want to know of a new fairy-book? Let them get 'Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tsar.' They

will be delighted. I found the precious volume being struggled over the other day by some very big children—children of fifteen and sixteen,—readers who are by no means easy to please, and who are apt to toss their heads at anything in the least 'silly,' or 'childish.' They did not toss their heads at this fairy-book; it did not occur to them that there was anything in the least 'childish' about it. Messrs. Griffith & Farran have done well to bring out such a really charming collection, one for which I predict abiding popularity.

The Stanley and African Exhibition, which was opened the other day at the Victoria Gallery, can hardly fail to be one of great attraction and interest for all intelligent people. It could not have come at a better time. To the English mind, the 'dark continent' is brimful of weird, tragic memories, and thrilling recollections—recollections not indeed always flattering to our pride, nor to our power,—but overmastering some of these, and interwoven with one and all, there rises before the mind's eye the heroism of Englishmen, living, and dead, who have found their way over every barrier, and surmounted every obstacle, as pioneers of civilization and research. It is doubtless with some such underlying thought that the promoters of this new exhibition have so arranged the trophies exhibited, as that those whose value is enhanced by personal association with some of our great missionaries and explorers shall be well to the front. Those articles which are connected with the late expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, for instance, are entitled to a place of honor as being of special interest at the present moment; while scarcely less noteworthy are the relics collected by Livingstone, Speke, Denham, and Grant,—by Comber, Grenfell, Hannington, Ashe, Wakefield, etc., etc. The memorials of the defence of Khartoum, intimately connected as they are with the noble Gordon, will receive the homage of many a full heart. It must have been no easy matter for Mr. Joseph Thomson, the eminent African traveller, to reduce to order and catalogue such a mass of material, coming as it did from many countries. One grows bewildered in spite of every effort.

But I must just mention one little budget of papers which sent a thrill through my veins. These were the identical telegrams written by General Gordon, and handed in by him at the government telegraphic office at Khartoum, during those last terrible months of his life in 1884! Bitter in its prophetic truth is the tenor of the last. It is dated the 9th of March and runs thus, 'Pardon me if I impress on you that the just-a-little-too-late policy, which should be at any rate, to extract the garrisons, etc., and then evacuate country after installing Sebeher,—(signed) Gordon.' With what feelings will these words be read by thousands now!

Some autographs that had belonged to the late Mr. Abraham Hayward were lately sold at Sotheby's. A letter from the Emperor Napoleon—the great Napoleon—to Josephine, a little before their marriage, which may be termed a love-letter, though a somewhat curious one, was perhaps the gem of the collection. It was simply signed 'Buonaparte.' Again, there was Oliver Cromwell's sign-manual to a warrant: Queen Elizabeth's signature on a list of Knights of the Garter (date 1589): a letter of Henry VIII., signed by that monarch in Latin: Lord Byron's confidential letter to a friend a few days after his (Byron's) marriage: a letter of 'George Eliot's' signed 'M. E. Lewes': and the entire autograph MS. of Burns's song,

On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
And, fool I was! I marry'd,

—together with many more documents of lesser note. A number of 'Browning scraps,' chiefly referring to his latest publications, and some of them penned within a very short time of his death, were eagerly bought up and fetched considerable prices.

The Tudor Exhibition has had a little addition made to it in the shape of Queen Elizabeth's chatelaine prayer-book, printed in 1574 and bound in enamelled gold. The printer appears to have been a certain A. Barker, who had obviously an intention of immortalizing himself in his own fashion thereby. He had hit upon a happy device—or thought it so—for himself, namely that of a man stripping bark off a tree, and this is to be found on several of the pages. *Chacun à son goût*: no doubt the notion pleased the worthy printer, but I confess I do not find it wildly suggestive. The Queen, it appears, was wont to wear the little volume suspended from her girdle by a chain, which passed through two rings at the top. The ornamental carving is the work of George Heriot, the goldsmith, the well-known founder of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, and the 'Jingling Geordie' of the Court of King Jamie of quaint renown. 'Jingling Geordie's' elegant little appendage to the royal girdle is the sort of ornament to excite the envy of all wearers of chatelaines—and who of the fair sex does not wear them?—at the present day.

L. B. WALFOLD.



## The Lounger

A LADY FROM BOSTON was called upon at her hotel in this city last week by a woman who followed the bearer of her card without waiting to see whether or no the lady was willing to receive her. She attempted to justify the intrusion by claiming acquaintance with certain ladies whom she pretended to believe the Bostonian knew, but whose names even were unknown to the latter. Of course the stranger proved to be a book-agent, by pretence at least; and the work for which she solicited a subscription in advance of its appearance was an edition in two volumes of an illustrated Life of Longfellow, with selections from the poet's writings; the place of publication being Washington, and the object, to aid the members of the Longfellow family, who were in sadly straitened circumstances. At this point the lady from Boston interrupted the fluent narrative with: 'Pardon me, but I know the Longfellows, and can assure you they are not in need of assistance, and that they would be outraged to know that you were trying to sell a book on any such pretext.' This checked the agent's glibness, and she took her departure; first, however, securing her somewhat soiled visiting-card, which she pursued forthwith into the rooms of other guests of the hotel—with what fortune, I do not know. But as some of her intended victims were probably unacquainted with the Longfellow family and possibly uninformed as to its financial condition, it is quite conceivable that in some instances her distressful tale bore fruit in the loosening of sympathetic purse-strings. I can fancy the feelings of the Longfellows when they discover that an appeal for assistance is being made in their behalf.

MISS JEAN INGELOW writes to Roberts Bros. that the applications for autographs from America are so numerous that, with her indifferent health, the task of granting them is too burdensome, and in future she will be obliged to decline them. But in order to carry out a charity dear to her heart, she has furnished the firm with autographic copies of some of her favorite short poems, such as 'The Martin Flew to the Finch's Nest' (from 'Mopsa'), 'Goldilocks,' 'The Nightingale Heard by the Unsatisfied Heart,' 'The Warbling of Blackbirds,' 'Coo, Dove, to thy Married Mate' (from 'Brothers and a Sermon'), 'When Sparrows Build,' etc., each bearing her signature with the date, and these the publishers propose to send to any address on receipt of \$2 for each poem. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the repairing of the ancient Church of St. Lawrence, at Evesham on the Avon, not far from Stratford, of which the poet's brother-in-law is rector. Much of Miss Ingelow's time is spent there, and she has made it the scene of many of her songs. One of these references is in 'The Bird Bell,' in 'Poems Old and New':—

Of as in a dream I see full fain  
The bell-tower beautiful that I love well,  
A seemly cluster with her churches twain.  
I hear adown the river faint and swell  
And lift upon the air that sound again,  
It is, it is—how sweet no tongue can tell,  
For all the world-wide breadth of shining foam,—  
The bells of Evesham chiming, 'Home, Sweet Home.'

The 'churches twain' are All Saints and St. Lawrence, with the bell tower between them. Miss Ingelow has sent to Messrs. Roberts a photographic view of the scene.

'J. W. M.' OF BURLINGTON, IOWA, having read in this column the statement that when Dr. Talmage wants a quotation for a sermon he is writing, he tears out a page of the book that contains it, cuts out the desired paragraph, and throws the volume aside, is moved to send us a question which we regret our inability to answer. Dr. Talmage, being asked 'What do you do when you wish to refer to such a passage again?' sententiously replied:—'I never want to refer to it again: when I have used it once, I am done with it for good.' 'I merely wish to inquire,' writes 'J. W. M.,' 'if the learned and eloquent divine really does do that horrible thing every time; for instance, if he should want a text from the Bible for a Sunday sermon, would he take his shears and chop it out and paste it on his manuscript page, and toss the book aside? If so, having thus "used it once," would he be "done with it for good"?'

IS THERE NOTHING new under the sun? Readers of Sir Edwin Arnold's admirable letters, 'By Sea and Land,' in the London *Daily Telegraph*, may well doubt if all the pictures have been painted, all the sculpture of the art temple designed, and all the books written that it is possible to write on well-known subjects, Pierre Loti, in his marvellous etchings, 'Japoneries d'Automne,' seemed to have exhausted an already familiar field, and, instead, Sir Edwin Arnold turns a tresh page of the Land of the Chrysanthemum for a delighted Anglo-Saxon public. What grace, refinement, and

intuitive sympathy with the East these letters evince! Now the poet addresses the kneeling Japanese youth and the 'calm brethren of the yellow robe' in the Lecture Hall of the Imperial University of Tokio on modern science, with Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain acting as interpreter. Now he explores the mysteries of religions, and describes the languid grace of the dancer clad in white. Again he partakes of the Tea of Honor in the Hall of Clouds, as the very apotheosis of tea-drinking, in a ceremony archaic and of profound significance. The Japanese banquet, in his estimation, eclipses the trincinia of classic days, the too solid dishes of Syria and Turkey, the cloying sweet-meats of the Indian burra-Khāna; and tempts all to delight in lacquer trays and bowls, chop-sticks, soys, snipe and colored rice, pickled apricots, *kuri*, chestnuts, wild goose and radish cakes, raw fish, *kani*, crab, and shrimp, arranged daintily on glass dishes by an artistic race. Surely Sir Edwin Arnold's little brown women, whether lady or smiling *musumō*, with the almond eyes and black hair, deserve a place in literature as long as paper fans flutter in the world.

IN A PARAGRAPH referring to Mr. Fitzedward Hall, printed some three months ago, I mentioned only one of that gentleman's many philological publications—an edition of Sir David Lyndesay's 'Monarchie' prepared for the Early-English Text Society. I have since seen a list of less than half of Mr. Hall's works, which yet includes six Sanskrit titles, four Hindī, and sixteen under the heading 'miscellaneous.' One of the latter class is 'A Letter to the Editor of the New York Nation, relative to Certain Slanders of the New York Evening Post'—a title that reads curiously enough in view of the present intimate relations of the journals named. The 'slanders' in question were contained in an article called forth by Mr. Hall's criticism in *The Nineteenth Century* of the *Index Expurgatorius* of words and phrases prepared by Mr. Bryant for the use and behoof of his subordinates on the *Post*. In this article the critic is spoken of as an Englishman. He has, it is true, passed the greater part of his life under the British flag, and 'Hon. D. C. L., Oxford,' is appended to his name on the title-page of this 'Letter'; but he is a native of the State of New York, and a graduate of Harvard College; and as recently as 1881, when the letter was written, was still an American citizen. In addition to his acknowledged publications, his unsigned contributions to *The Nation* during the last fifteen years would fill at least three large volumes.

'NOWHERE, perhaps, but in America, and among the most illiterate Englishmen,' says Mr. Fitzedward Hall in *The Nation*, 'does one hear the like of "I sleep home," "I stay home on Sundays." The commonest of all these illiteracies is "open evenings." You will see placards bearing that ungrammatical statement at Christmas time in the windows of not only all the notion-shops but, I regret to say, in many of the book-stores. An educated Englishman never speaks incorrectly. His pronunciation and his grammar are invariably correct; but you will hear Americans who have taken a degree at college pronounce "avenue" as if it were spelt "avenoo," and say "don't" when they mean "doesn't." The double *o* sound, as a substitute for the soft *u*, is the commonest mispronunciation' and, to my ear, the most unpleasant.

A NEW YORK afternoon newspaper offers a prize for the best twelve-line poem, 'written on one side of paper only' (the outside, presumably), and submitted to its 'Poetry Editor' by a given date. This may be welcomed by the magazine editor as a red flag waved to distract the attention of a maddened bull from some hard-pressed fighter in the ring. But the relief it affords will be only temporary, and the magazine director's last plight will be sorrier than his first; for this proffered prize, while it will draw off, temporarily, the spring poems already prepared for the market (the shorter ones being put upon a Procrustean bed and racked out to the necessary twelve-line length, and the sonnets and other longer pieces correspondingly curtailed), will cause the harvesting of an entirely new crop of poems, that never would have been put upon the market at all but for this diabolical temptation thrown into the poetaster's path. The whole output of metrical stuff and nonsense will be shipped first to the daily newspaper office, and then to the various magazines in turn. The reckless newspaper that causes two spring poems to be produced where only one would have been inflicted upon the editorial guild had he but stayed his hand, hardly merits the blessing pronounced on him who multiplies the blades of grass in waste and desert places.

I HAVE READ in an English paper this month an obituary notice of a gentleman named Pine-Coffin; and in a recent *Athenaeum* mention is made of the death of a 'Mr. Hailstone of Walton Hall, who has bequeathed a valuable collection of Yorkshire books to the Dean and Chapter of York.' Grotesque as these names are, it

is fair to presume that they are patronymics,—that they came by birth, and were not deliberately imposed upon or assumed by their late bearers, though the 'Pine' may have been a recent prefix to the 'Coffin.' But in America a ludicrous name is apt to be the result of deliberation on the part of parents. In the South, where pride of birth is perhaps more deeply seated than elsewhere, it is not regarded as unseemly, in the effort to preserve family names otherwise in danger of dying out, to bestow surnames upon girl-babies, in lieu of the distinctively feminine names of Mary, Catherine, Margaret, etc. Any Southerner can tell you of a score of women thus oddly labelled at the baptismal font.

A CASE SIMILAR to these, though not identical with them, is that of a Southern woman who was christened with the full name of her uncle, including the 'William.' He happened to be a Major, and that title, bestowed upon the child as a nickname, was promptly transformed to 'May'; so the affair turned out happily in this instance. Had he been a General (he afterwards became one), doubtless his niece would have come to be known as 'Jenny.' Quite recently I have heard of another Southerner of the gentler sex, who was baptized 'Seventeenth Virginia Regiment.' But that Northern nomenclature is not free from eccentricities of this sort, is sufficiently indicated by the name of the New England publisher Mr. Kansas Nebraska Bill, and his brother, whose name keeps green the memory of the Missouri Compromise Bill of 1820.

IT WAS THOUGHT when Walt Whitman read his lecture on Lincoln at the Madison Square Theatre in this city, in 1887, and recited his impressive dirge for the martyred President, 'Captain, my Captain,' that he would never be able to celebrate the 14th of April in that manner again; but he did it in the Art Rooms at Philadelphia this month, before a crowded audience. The old poet, who will be seventy-one years old on the 30th of May, was very feeble, and had to be helped whenever he took a step; but those who heard him say that his voice has lost none of its charm and his manner none of its magnetism. To hear Whitman recite 'Captain, my Captain' is an experience never to be forgotten. 'The good gray' is seen and heard at his best when he commemorates the death of Lincoln.

### Song of the Violet

GRASS-HAMMOCKED here the violet swings  
To the low music of fresh Springs.  
Sweet clemency and cure for fear  
Float in her sun-lit atmosphere.  
And the sad searcher after fame  
Finds here condolence without blame.  
Her modest mien betokens birth  
Among the lowly of the earth;  
But outward bearing is not all,—  
True queens are queens though kingdoms fall,—  
And the meek violet's heavenly eyes  
Disclose a heritage of the skies.

WILLIAM R. PERKINS.

### How to Get a Big Library in New York

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

An Englishman asked me the other day why, as the law provides for the deposition of two copies of every American book with the Librarian of Congress at Washington, we do not divide the copies, and make from the gathering of one half of the number a second great National Library at New York. I could not tell him any reason for this, but said that I would agitate the question where it would do the most good—which I am doing in suggesting it to you. New York, as the real literary centre of the country, ought to have a chance at these books (that it ought to have a great library of course goes without saying), and in providing that one copy of every book should be deposited in New York (in a library to be organized) and one copy in Washington, Congress would only be following the precedent set by the English law, which requires the deposition of five copies in five different Libraries. It does not stop, you know, with the British Museum: Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin, and (I think) Edinburgh, receive each a copy. If there is some excellent reason why two copies should remain in Washington, it would be no great burden upon the publishers if a provision were added to the law that one copy should go to New York; though a retroactive clause would certainly be desirable. And, while we agitate, why not agitate for a MS. post—what they call

in England the 'Book Post.' You know, of course, that in the United States one is charged letter postage for MS., which seems merely another and a vexatious tax upon the production of literature. Why should not MSS. go at the same rate of postage as the printed book?

LONDON.

W. B.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE subscriptions received by Treasurer Stewart from April 16 to 22, inclusive, amounted to \$295, as shown in the following report. The total is now \$76,383.44. One contribution—that of Judge Crosby—came all the way from Egypt.

\$100 each:—H. O'Neil & Co., through the *World*; R. J. Dean & Co., through Comptroller Myers.

\$34:—Subscribers to the Women's Fund, through *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.

\$25 each:—Samuel Bachrach; Ernest H. Crosby.

\$5:—Morris H. Smith. \$2.50 each:—Mrs. John Bleeker Miller; Mrs. Chadwick. \$1:—Mrs. C. H. Covell.

### International Copyright

ANY WORD to be spoken, any action to be taken by the advocates of International Copyright, should be taken or spoken at once. Who speaks promptly speaks twice. Unless some legitimate pressure be brought to bear, the present session of Congress will close without a vote being taken upon the bill that has been recommended for passage by two committees of the House. The editor of *The Century* writes to the *Tribune* to complain of America's present attitude on two important questions. 'We steal foreign literature,' he says, 'and put up a Chinese wall against foreign paintings and statues.' Mr. George Ticknor Curtis writes to the Secretary of the American Copyright League:—'I may not have personal influence with those who are to decide this great measure of right and justice, but I feel that I have reason to do everything I can in its favor.' We gladly make room for the following letter:—

As you have given space in your issue of the 14th inst. to the *Tribune's* erroneous statement with regard to the attitude of reprint publishers toward the International Copyright bill, I trust you will also publish my reply to the same, forwarded by last mail, copy of which I also send you herewith. Reports which are carelessly circulated by misinformed persons, or maliciously instigated suggestions, militate against a movement which, while it will foster legitimate competition, is intended to check the ruinous trade in inferior books at profitless rates.

April 19, 1890.

JOHN W. LOVELL.

EDITOR *New York Daily Tribune*:—

Dear Sir:—Under an editorial headed 'The Copyright Bill,' in your issue of April 15th, you state that certain opponents of the International Copyright bill are engaged in the formation of a 'book trust.' Evidently your informant has mistaken the legitimate purchase of certain stocks and plates as an illegitimate acquisition for the purpose of monopoly. There is no book trust.

That there is a movement on foot to 'advance and control the price of reprints' is quite correct, and every book-dealer in the land will admit that such an advance and such a control will redound to their advantage. The ruinous and suicidal discounts which competition had brought into the book trade were flooding the market with inferior goods carelessly made and sold without profit. The advance in prices will be compensated for by superiority of manufacture, proof-pages being more rigidly revised, the quality of material being improved, and the binding more durable and attractive. Legitimate competition in the book trade has just as wide a field for action as ever. Only the illegitimate competition, the cut-throat system of selling to the trade, has been abolished through a carefully wrought plan of purchase and sale, in which the wholesalers receive a fair remuneration for their wares, while the public feels no appreciable rise in prices. As you will see by the enclosed clipping, *The Publishers' Weekly*, which is a representative trade organ, and always an earnest and consistent advocate of International Copyright, is in favor of the movement, believing that the result will be favorable to all concerned.

It was not possible to pay to the author under the old régime, a just remuneration for his labor; but the experience of the last eighteen months, in which better books at better prices have been brought out, shows that in spite of the lack of International Copyright, foreign authors have received and acknowledged handsome sums in royalties on works for which they formerly received nothing. It is not possible to supply the public with books of superior quality unless a complete and expensive line can be manufactured, with the assurance of stable and reasonable prices in which exists a legitimate margin of profit. The only person actively interested in bringing about this consolidation, which you have erroneously called a 'Book Trust,' is myself, and I most certainly am not an opponent of International Copyright. I am



a member of the American Publishers' Copyright League, and have always advocated the passage of the International Copyright bill.

As the publisher or controlling the principal series of reprints and copyright works, including the Seaside Library, Lovell's Library, Munro's Library, Arundel Library, Cosmopolitan Series, Echo Series, and others, I am in a position to state that whatever opposition has been developed against the Copyright bill does not come from the publishers of the cheap reprints of foreign books, and I trust you will correct the unjust attack upon me and my associates, which you have been led to make unwittingly, I have no doubt.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1890.

Yours very truly,

J. W. LOVELL.

## The Fine Arts

### The La Farge Exhibition at Reichard's

THE SMALL collection of drawings, water-colors and paintings by Mr. John La Farge exhibited at Reichard's gallery includes a large proportion of good specimens of that interesting artist. As a colorist Mr. La Farge stands alone. No one knows better than he how to manage an ascending or descending scale of tones, or where to place an accent that will give life and unity to his picture. He is best in water-color, the technique of which art he has completely mastered. In the water-colors of the present exhibition, especially in the flower-pieces and some Japanese landscapes, he is at his best, attaining the utmost refinement of expression by work of great boldness. All of the flower-studies are exquisite, but we would draw particular attention to the 'Wild Roses in a White Chinese Bowl' as showing the use of colors not found in nature yet conducing to a more natural effect than could be gained by simple copying; the 'Study of Apple-Blossoms,' in which pink and green and pale violet are used to produce the greys that one sees at a little distance; and the 'Isaiah,' a magnificent color arrangement. Several studies of water-lilies and two ocean views, one on a clear day, one in mist, should also be mentioned for quality of color. Of many figure-pieces, we like best, after the 'Isaiah,' a little composition 'Noli Me Tangere,' in which the usual blue and green and purple tones are relieved by the pale red drapery of the Christ. Of the Japanese studies the wonderful little 'Nô Dancer,' the 'View of Nikko' with distant mountains sopped in misty blue and green, the 'Fishing with Cormorants,' and the 'Waterfall of Uramo no Taki' are among the most characteristic. Of the paintings in oils and in wax colors, the 'Christ and Nicodemus' is the most important.

### Japanese Art at the Aldine Club.

AN EXHIBITION of Japanese water-color paintings (kakemonos) was opened at the Aldine Club on Friday, April 18, together with a small but choice exhibit of old Japanese porcelains, lacquers and sword-guards, the two together illustrating a lecture by Mr. Russell Sturgis before the members of the Club. Most of the kakemonos were in India-ink and displayed that extreme of suggestiveness and economy of work for which Japanese art of the best periods is remarkable. In a drawing of 'Wild Geese,' of the sixteenth century, the birds and the snowy landscape in which they are placed are dashed in with a few light washes of grey. Two kakemonos, apparently illustrating some legend of a Chinese page or saint, show their hero, in one scene, engaged in fishing and in the other mounted on the back of a gigantic carp, and calmly perusing a scroll while his bearer flops about in the tumbling waters. A cat and two monkeys playing with a flowering vine are the subject of another pair discreetly touched with color. A dragon struggling through a thunder-cloud is a wild conception of the fifteenth century. Landscapes veiled in mist, and flowers and birds are more in accordance with common notions of Japanese art and poetry. One of the latest in date, 'A Ferryboat in Rain,' by Mori Ippo, is one of the most poetic of these wonderful sketches. Among the pottery a few pieces of fine old Satsuma ware and some rare Bizen stone-ware were particularly admired. The lacquers, swords and sword-guards and bronzes were of the highest excellence. The articles exhibited were the property of Mr. Shugio, a member of the club, and were kept on view till eleven o'clock on Monday night.

### Art Notes

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S unrivalled collection of Méryon's etchings was placed on exhibition at Wunderlich's gallery last week. Many of the proofs are accompanied by Méryon's pencil-drawings made on scraps of paper of all shapes and sizes, sometimes two or three being pieced together to extend a sketch which at first did not include all of the subject. Among these sketches are the figures that ornament the large view of San Francisco. Others are of some of the details of the 'Abside de Notre-Dame,'

those for the etching of 'The Morgue,' and for 'St. Etienne du Mont.' There are particularly fine proofs of 'The Old Louvre,' 'The Grand Châtelet' and of the sinister 'Rue de Mauvais Garçons.'

—The exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened to the public at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on Monday. It promises to be an unusually strong one. There was a private view yesterday (Friday).

—At the annual meeting of the Art Students' League last week the following officers were elected: President, Mr. E. D. French; Vice-Presidents; Mr. B. L. Pratt and Miss S. M. Ketcham; and as members of the Board of Control, W. A. Marsh, A. L. Kellogg and E. W. Deming. Mr. French reported constantly increasing facilities for study, a larger attendance, and a higher quality of work produced in nearly all the classes.

—The New York Etching Club has arranged for the continuance of its exhibitions in connection with the exhibitions of the Water-Color Society. It will occupy the corridor hereafter.

—The members of the National Society of Fine Arts, the new rival of the Salon, have chosen the following jury on paintings:—Meissonier, President; Puvion de Chavannes, Carolus Duran, Beraud and Billelte, who are *jures de droit*; and Lhermitte, Alexander Harrison, Ch. Meissonier, Dubuffe, Lecamus, Verstraete, Guignard, Delance, Perandean, Guetel, Lerolle, G. Collin, Lucien Gros, Duez and Galland. M. Dalon is President of the jury on sculpture, and Rodin is one of the members. Of the jury on engravings Bracquemond is President, and Waltner, Guerard and Desboutin are members.

—'The Angelus' has not been exhibited in other cities than New York and Chicago. As the limit of bond was about to elapse, the picture was recently removed from the safe deposit vault in this city, and shipped to Canada, just before the 30 per cent. duty became due. It is now at the Bank of Montreal, whence, in all probability, it will go to London for exhibition.

—'The Year's Art'—Mr. Marcus B. Huish's epitome of matters relating to the fine arts in Great Britain and Ireland—for the year 1890 is illustrated by many portraits of English artists and a selection of notes on the pictures shown at the principal English exhibitions of the year. The report of art-sales, which fills a dozen pages, is of considerable interest, buyers' names and prices being given. There is also a long list of new engravings giving number of proofs and price and not restricted to English works.

—A portrait of Gen. Meade, painted by Mr. T. Henry Smith, is about to be presented to the Military Academy at West Point by Mr. Henry Carey Baird, the Philadelphia publisher, as a companion to the portraits of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan recently presented by Mr. G. W. Childs.

—All efforts to prevent the publication and introduction into England of the American Sheridan Ford's collection of Whistler literature having failed, Mr. Whistler himself will now, it is said, bring out an authorized edition of his own writings, including many things omitted in Mr. Ford's, notably the celebrated 'Ten O'Clock.'

—A Society of Collectors, organized in Paris, proposes to establish a permanent fund sufficient for the purchase of works of art which it may be deemed useful to keep in France, to assist the various museums in acquiring works of art at sales, and to aid unfortunate artists who may deserve assistance. The purchases of the Society are to be gathered together and exhibited in one place, and in the event of the Society's dissolution they will revert to the State. The principal collectors of France are members, and the Duc d'Aumale is the Honorary President.

## Literature for Working Girls

AT THE Convention of Associations of Working Girls, held at the Metropolitan Opera House Assembly Rooms last week under the presidency of Miss Grace H. Dodge, a number of interesting papers were read by young ladies who have taken an active part in the organization and management of working girls' clubs in New York and elsewhere. The most valuable of these, from a literary standpoint, was read by Miss Florence B. Lockwood of this city, a daughter of Mr. Benoni Lockwood and niece of ex-Senator Bayard of Delaware. Its subject was the 'Literary Element in Club Life'; and some of its more interesting passages will be found in the paragraphs quoted herewith:—

Beyond and above the amusement and relaxation, the practical information and teaching the clubs give their members, there is one direction I think in which they are most valuable, and where their scope and influence should be extended all the time. It is in the sympathy and stimulus they give to the thoughts and aspirations and imaginations of

the girls. With many people, women especially, imagination and fancy are the only outlets for pent-up longings and desires; and happy are they whose thoughts do not lead them into morbid introspection or unhealthy speculations. With working women who spend their days with the same (sometimes uncongenial) companions, over the same monotonous work for months at a time, brought up by mothers who are too ignorant or too busy to help them in their ponderings over the most vital questions of life, any impulse, any stimulus in a thoughtful, profitable direction, not only sometimes fills a vacancy in their minds, but often drives away foolish thoughts and fancies, and gives them a happier direction into which to pour their energies.

Almost the first act of a new club is to get together a few books as a nucleus, and sometimes these books are bought from a fund set apart for the purpose. But very often the club has not the money, and the first books are given. It may not be out of place, here, to suggest to anyone who is going to give books to a club library, that old or second-hand interesting books are always most acceptable; but that school-books, or books whose pages the original owners themselves have never been tempted to turn, are not the best material for the mind of a tired working girl to turn to. It is curious how willing people are to send books to a club library which they themselves would never dream of reading.

There is a distinct mental and moral value in knowledge and ideas which cannot be put at once to any practical use. They remain with us untouched and uninfluenced by our actual needs, and form a refuge to which our mind betakes itself when tired, or discouraged by the battle of life. This seems to me the peculiar direction in which the literary element is so valuable, and one not to be put aside for the more obvious results to be obtained from the plain talks and practical classes. We don't want *only* to make the girls better cooks or more sensible women, much as we want them to be that, but women who can depend for their relaxation and pleasure more on themselves, and less on chance enjoyment.

### Rudyard Kipling

[The World, London.]

TWO SMALL rooms connected by a tiny hall afford sufficient space to contain Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the literary hero of the present hour, 'the man who came from nowhere,' as he himself remarks, and who a year ago was consciously nothing in the literary world, though even had he died then his works must have lived and spoken to posterity none the less. A short, but broadly figured man, dark, with blue eyes and a resolute jaw, still quite young—he is not yet twenty-five—but with a face on which time and incident have prematurely traced many tell-tale marks, meets you on the threshold, and looks at you somewhat cynically through his spectacles with divided lens. He is in working dress—a loose dark suit buttoned high to the throat like a workman's blouse—and wears a tasselled scarlet fez, which he has a habit of thrusting backward, as though to ease his brow from even this slight restraint; and he seems disproportionately pleased when you beg that he will not lay aside the pipe, which you can see at first glance is a tried familiar friend. The room you have invaded, which is spread with soft-tinted Persian rugs and ancient prayer carpets, and is papered in a dull green, with gold which has lost its pristine brightness, is dim also with smoke; but as this clears away through the open door, you can see that the pervading sobriety of hue is relieved by touches here and there of vivid color. A tall Japanese screen, with a grotesque design of dancing skeletons, stands between two windows, and on the sofa is spread a large poshteen rug, bordered by astrachan, and embroidered in rich yellow silks; while on the walls hang pictures of military subjects, which Mr. Kipling treasures highly, and in which he invested 'to prevent him from feeling home-sick,' as he says, with one of the boyish smiles that at times break through his almost melancholy expression. Above the mantelpiece are a sample of the new magazine-rifle, and a box of black Indian cheroots, and on the sideboard stands a mighty tobacco-jar, this being flanked on either side by a whiskey decanter and a siphon of soda-water, unfailing reminders of days spent in India, sometimes in the lap of luxury, but often exposed to the climatic terrors of blinding sunshine and dry hot winds, which Mr. Kipling so graphically describes in many of his books. Just above this hangs a rack of pipes, beside a map of Afghanistan; while a battered dispatch-box, which has been all round the world, a pile of scrap-books and old 'Illustrateds' of the Mutiny and the Crimea, and a bundle of fishing-rods complete this much of the surroundings.

In a quaint Dutch bureau, in brown oak, with twisted brass handles, reposes a heap of Mr. Kipling's 'copy.' Pioneer letters of 'From Sea to Sea,' East End observations for future use, military pamphlets, notes and notions from India ('everyone of which' he mentions in parenthesis, 'I owe to my father'); and, in very small characteristic handwriting, the MS. of a forthcoming novel, already promised to the public in 'Plain Tales from the Hills,'

which will be called 'Mother Maturin.' All are very neatly labelled, and in queer proximity to them are discovered fishing-tackle, Nottingham reels, winches and flies. From another recess Mr. Kipling brings for your enjoyment a set of sepia and line drawings by his father, which were designed to illustrate his book 'In Black and White'—charming sketches every one, from the first which shows the kitmatghar of the introduction, salaaming with the words 'This is my work,' to the last, where the author himself is shown looking down through his glasses to the paper whereon he has just inscribed the always grateful word 'Finis.' Close by stands the writing table at which such excellent work has been lately done. It is large and business-like, with more pigeon-holes, more manuscripts, and in one drawer a collection of press notices, which surely have told more flattering tales than even Hope dared whisper one short year ago. This table stands near both windows, which look down on the busy life ebbing and flowing between the Strand and Charing Cross Station. In contrast to this view, there is from Mr. Kipling's other room a pleasant outlook on to the Embankment Gardens, with their bright array of crocuses springing up from a soft greensward and bearing the promise of the year; the young men and maidens walking in couples below. Just beyond are Cleopatra's Needle and the river; while further still lies Waterloo Bridge, its rush and movement softened down by distance; and the spire of St. Paul's may be seen against a flushed horizon on a sunlit day. Alone—always alone—like Teufelsdröckh, with the stars, Mr. Kipling can stand at any of these windows and watch the world beneath, while the human tragedy enacts itself for his benefit; and with almost cruelly dispassionate curiosity he is ever solving problems new in interest, though old as life itself. It is here he gets much of his material; and to these people he addresses himself, seeking to know truly all shades of existence, and the desires of those who have no power, no knowledge, to speak for themselves.

On all that concerns India, the land of his birth, he feels very strongly, and speaks on debatable questions with a calm assurance of knowledge which at least carries conviction as you listen to his 'I have seen' or 'Here I know' that drives home an indictment of the ends and methods of the National Congress. Then, checking himself with 'But what do you care for these things in England?' he envelopes himself in a smoke cloud and speaks of lighter matters. He himself came over from India when only five years old to be educated, and returned there at the age of sixteen, patiently serving seven years' apprenticeship to literature as preparation for the fame he has won now. Coming back to England, Mr. Kipling purposely chose a long route to add to his already varied knowledge; and through his wanderings, by Japan and America, restrained his eyes from nothing they desired, enjoying his holiday as holidays are meant to be enjoyed, yet far too fond of his craft to remain idle throughout the time. 'The Book of the Forty-five Mornings,' which will shortly appear, contains for the most part reminiscences of his travels, which embrace as wide an era as many can boast who may only pride themselves on what they have seen. Mr. Kipling draws out from an obscure corner a travelling stick of Japanese bamboo, and helps you to decipher the names thereon inscribed. Speaking with abundance of metaphor and the argot of many countries, he tells of salmon-fishing in Oregon, a murder in a gambling-hell in 'Frisco, visits to 'prominent citizens' in America, and wanderings as a special correspondent in India, which took him through the deserts of Bikanir, the mines, opium factories and jute mills of Lower Bengal, the States of Rajputana, and to horse-fights in Jumoo, and the softer pleasures of a Simla season. Then from stories of incidents he glides easily into the subject of his literary tastes, and leaning across turns his bookcases that you may see all they contain. Prince Kraft's letters on Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry are much *en evidence*, with many other military works; while among other books you notice Thackeray, Sterne, Scott, Fielding, Defoe and Besant. To Defoe Mr. Kipling declares he owes his deepest literary debt. 'One can do a great deal with Defoe and the drill-book,' he says quaintly, and flatly disclaims any knowledge of any kind on the subject of art. Not a single French book is in the room, except a copy of Rabelais.

The name of Rudyard Kipling has been a household word in the Punjab and Northwest Provinces, and is almost equally well known through the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay. Rarely a day passed but something from his pen appeared in the daily papers, *The Pioneer*, or *Civil and Military Gazette*; and sometimes vivid flashes of genuine humor or touches of true pathos enlightened the pages of both; yet only now and then was an opinion expressed, and this by the most advanced spirits, that perchance they were entertaining an angel unawares. Not that his genius could be denied, only it was thought that having found its outlet in the portrayal of Anglo-Indian and native Indian life, it must henceforth be devoted to those subjects, which would also, in all proba-



bility, prove to be of purely local interest. Even the editors of both the papers which profited by his contributions preferred to obtain from him leaders and paragraphs, only allowing 'Plain Tales' and 'Departmental Ditties' to appear as a favor, and regarding their production as an amiable eccentricity. Indian life, it is well known, runs in two distinct grooves—the official and the military,—in neither of which is any real place for an outsider, however distinguished he may be. Nor is there, through the length and breadth of that great country, the smallest tract of Bohemian land where the follower of literature or art can plant his foot and say, 'Here I will take mine ease.' Therefore Mr. Kipling has been in a sense isolated, and has not hitherto had the chance of measuring swords with others in the field. 'I called, and there was no one to answer,' he says. 'It was beating the air.' His best training for the arena has been in his home intercourse; for, coming of a gifted family, of which, with characteristic modesty, he asserts himself to be the least worthy member, he has lived in a pleasant atmosphere of wit and artistic taste, and has also been able to command never-failing sympathy and help.

Of the assistance Mr. Kipling's father has been able to give him in all his works, he speaks very frankly and with intensest feeling. 'All I have, all I am, I owe entirely to him,' he says impressively; and indeed it is very evident that the success which has come to him is most highly valued for the sake of the people it will so deeply please. The elder Mr. Kipling, who has just resigned a Government appointment he held for many years as head of the Lahore School of Art, is a man of very varied attainments, a fine linguist, and a clever artist. A Christmas number appeared in India five years ago called 'The Quartette,' which contained stories from the pens of all four of the family, and it was in this 'The Strange Adventures of Morrowbie Jukes' (one of the most powerful short stories ever written) and 'The Phantom Rickshaw' made their first appearance. Asked if he had always had the taste for writing, and meant to be an author, Mr. Kipling shrugs his shoulders expressively. 'What else was I born for? The ink-pot was emptied into my veins and was bound to ooze out through my fingers'; and he adds that even as a boy he had edited a school paper and contributed to a North Devon journal, while the first money he received on account of his literary wares was from *The World* for a sonnet. He was educated at Westward Ho! where most of his school-fellows were sons of Anglo-Indians, and nearly all went into the Army.

At the age of sixteen he went out to India as sub-editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette*, and the first thing he brought out was a tiny volume of parodies called 'Echoes'—now vanished utterly, he is glad to say, though he was his own publisher and it paid. Then 'Plain Tales from the Hills' came out day by day, as did subsequently 'Departmental Ditties.'

On his arrival in England just six months ago Mr. Kipling was besieged by editors asking for his work, and his one difficulty has been not to yield to the temptation of doing too much in response to their demands. He works on an average ten hours in the twenty-four, his best time being at night, when he sits up until 2 or 3, writing all through the roar and tumult of the traffic below, and compelled to hold his hand when the great pulses of London life cease for a while to beat. The very silence that ensues discomposes his thoughts, as the stopping of the screw of a ship will wake you up at sea. Of writing himself out he has no fear. His active brain harbors at once a dozen different ideas, all worthy of development, and not a third of what he actually writes is sent to the press. Since his success he has given to his work the same minute elaboration as before, speaking every word aloud that he may better judge of its fitness; and the longest work he has yet completed has been already worked out four times, and will be studied carefully again before it is delivered into the hands of the publishers.

Mr. Kipling's sketches of native Indian life are the result of conscientious labor. His information has been obtained at first-hand in the very heart of native cities, in dens no Europeans ever penetrated before; and, with a happy knack of making people talk for his entertainment, his researches have been facilitated by a perfect mastery of Hindustani as taught in books, and also of an inner-life familiar tongue, known in India bazaars as 'chotee bolee,' words of which 'women's talk' is a very free translation. Perhaps Mr. Kipling's greatest temptation lies in his dramatic taste. His keen insight into human nature seizes at once its most salient points; and it is usually the worst of these that lend themselves most readily to realistic treatment. What will naturally be most appreciated by the public in England are those stories the majority of which have appeared under the title of 'Soldiers Three'; for, fine as these are in conception, they never wander by one hair's breadth from the facts as they are, even when by so doing their effect might be enhanced. No one hitherto has attempted to treat

Tommy Atkins as a separate human entity, instead of the 800th or 900th component part of a whole; and the freshness of the characters of Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris are of course the more acceptable from their novelty. Mulvaney is the man after Mr. Kipling's own heart, with whom he has intense, untiring sympathy. To write of him is no labor, but a delight; and the big soldier, great in all matters of discipline, comes out in full accoutrements from the storehouse of his creator's mind at first call, sometimes even unbidden, and, as his maker avers, 'stops all other work.'

A recent article in the *Times* first set the seal of public approval on the young writer's work, when, while denying his right to a place in the first rank of contemporary authors, it characterized him as an admirably direct writer, with an incisive power of representing in half a dozen pages a complete action, and laid due stress upon his extraordinary knowledge of Indian life and the new vein that he had tapped. In his society tales he is far less happy than in others, and, with the frankness which seems to be his leading characteristic, he owes this. 'One must see what one can do, and suffer for making mistakes,' he explains. Mr. Kipling's greatest fear is that the strong wine of praise which is pressed to his lips may make him lose his head and commit some extreme literary folly in consequence. 'I want to give good work; that is my only concern in life,' he says with unconscious pathos, and when you offer him your best felicitations as you have, he jerks back his scarlet fez and smiles queerly: 'Up like the rocket, down like the stick,' he answers. You grope your way slowly down the dark staircase, leaving 'the man who came from nowhere' to his solitude once more, feeling that even in the strong sunlight of success may lurk an unsuspected shadow, and that the theory that there is no perfect happiness on earth is trite only because it is so everlastingly true.

### American and English Sonnets

[From Introduction to William Sharp's "American Sonnets"]

To our benefit, as well as to our credit, it is no longer the vogue with literary critics to speak slightly of American poetry. The time has gone by when the dilettante reviewer demanded, as Prof. Richardson complains, that American poetry, if it was to exist at all, must be limited to pictures of the wharf, the prairie, and the gulch; to city directories and geographical indices, to axe-swinging pioneers and impromptu assassins. A close study, however, of the last fifty years of Transatlantic poetic literature certainly does not reveal a body of first-rate work comparable with that produced among ourselves; an assertion which may be set forth without implied disparagement of the great names so dear to thousands in this country, as well as to millions in America. But what more nearly concerns us is the work of very recent and contemporary poets. The test of a poetic period is not that of the absolute or relative greatness of its most eminent exemplars, any more than the production of the largest and finest apple would be the test of the best orchard. How do the secondary poets of a period sing? What is the substance of their song? What are their limits? To what does their collective voicing tend? What degree of mental individuality and poetic originality do they possess and maintain? These are the questions which the student of literature has to consider before he can formulate any general opinion.

But if we compare the general body of our minor (or, to use a term that seems less weighted with the possibility of covert disparagement, our secondary) poets of the last decade or two with that of the contemporary minor singers of America, I certainly do not think it any foregone conclusion that acknowledgement of our superiority would be our due. It is not flattering, it is not pleasant, to note what a quantity of our relatively popular verse has been the merest trifling of an idle hour—ballades and rondeaux and triolets, which generally bear the same relation to poetry that flirtation does to passion. Too many of our secondary verse-writers seem to have been heedless of the fact that—in Mr. Stedman's words—in literature, as in architecture, construction must be decorated, not decoration constructed; that invention must precede both; and that if the imagination be clouded, and the flow of passion be unfelt, it is mere jugglery to compose at all.

It is, therefore, significant, that in contemporary American verse, technically inferior to our own as, in the main, it undoubtedly is, the motives of the Transatlantic poets are far oftener more wide, more strenuous—in a word, worthier. No wave of national sentiment but perturbs the waters of verse; no heroic impulse, no calamity, no great national thrill, that does not immediately find an echo in song, and not here or there, but from Louisiana to Maine, and from Maine to the shores of Erie, from the Lakes to the Sierras, and from the remote mountains of the West to the California Gulf. It is almost incredible to those who have not closely studied, and

who do not continuously watch the course of American literary affairs, how electric the nation is, how quick to respond to the first spark of emotion. It is no doubt the case that there is not yet a sufficiently strenuous literary tradition in the United States; there is not yet that inherited, that magnetically inspired, that contagious passion for exquisiteness of utterance as well as for worthiness of motive, which is what every potent people sooner or later strains towards and achieves. But this will come in time; it is already, indeed, beginning to work like strong yeast, and the literary development of America promises to be exceptionally rapid and potent. Even, however, on the ground of actual comparison, there are among the more recent American poets one or two whose artistic care is as great, and whose touch is as light and dexterous, as that of any writer of verse among ourselves: T. B. Aldrich, for example, or among still younger men, Richard Watson Gilder.

It would be easy of proof that the sonnet, more than any other poetic form, is that wherein the poets of our country have preferred to give utterance to their own and the general sentiment whenever some stirring incident or episode is rumored abroad, or whenever any conflict of opinion disturbs the general mental atmosphere. To judge by analogy, therefore, it might be expected that the poetic voice of America would be heard at its best in the sonnet. This, however, I am not at all prepared to assert; nor do I think that the most exact scrutiny would reveal the Transatlantic sonnet to be the true index to the poetic receptivity of public sentiment, whether patriotic or intellectual. Why this should be so it is not easy to surmise, unless it be that the sonnet does not appear as naturally in a comparatively youthful as in a mature literature; though if this thesis be advanced, it has to be met by the awkward fact that the sonnet-literature of America was almost as prolific as our own up to the last few years, and that now (not altogether with joy and thanksgiving must it be admitted) it is even more redundant. I have recently waded through considerably over two hundred volumes of American minor verse, by living or recently deceased authors, and have been amazed at the almost universal adoption of the sonnet, though of proof of the actual culture of this species of verse there is comparatively little. My sonnet search has convinced me, however, that a finer body of sonnets on general themes could be selected from the writings of the secondary poets of America than from those of our own minor bards.

### Current Criticism

WHO WILL REPLACE THEM?—The recent deaths of Browning and Andrássy remind us how many of the most distinguished men now living have passed the Scriptural line of threescore and ten. Thus, Von Moltke was born in 1800, and Bismarck in 1815. Kossuth is in his eighty-eighth year. Leo XIII. is but some months this side of eighty, and his arch-enemy, the Italian Prime Minister Crispi, is not much younger. The Spanish Prime Minister Sagasta is also a veteran. Marshal MacMahon was born in 1808, and Jules Simon (who was one of the French delegates to the recent labor conference in Berlin), in 1814. Gladstone and Tennyson were both born in 1809, Cardinal Manning in 1808, Cardinal Newman in 1801. John Ruskin is in his seventy-first year. James Russell Lowell is almost precisely the same age. John Greenleaf Whittier was born in 1807, and George Bancroft, the most distinguished American historian, in 1800. There is scarcely one of these men of whom it is not felt that the place which he must soon leave vacant cannot easily be filled. Especially is this true of Bismarck and Gladstone, of Tennyson, Ruskin, Whittier and Lowell. It is, when we think of it, remarkable that men whose lives have, each in its special field of activity, been so busy and so fruitful, should have lived so long.—*The New York Weekly.*

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN 1889.—Apart from the unique events with which it has closed—the publication on successive days of two such volumes as 'Asolando' and 'Demeter' by poets of the great age of Browning and Lord Tennyson and the coincidence of Browning's death—the year has not been marked by any very startling event in English literature. Mr. Swinburne has taken something of a new departure in his Northern ballads, and has also given us another of his critical Elizabethan studies. Underneath these distincter notes has gone on the unceasing twittering of our minor poets. If Victorian England cannot appropriately be called a nest of singing birds, it is at least not for want of numbers in those who but sing because they must—who, at least, are offered little external inducement to sing. From a purely literary point of view we are inclined to regard Edward Fitzgerald's Letters as the most interesting publication of the year. He had two gifts, neither of which by itself is too common, the gift of letter-writing and the gift of innate critical taste—taste which he himself used to call the feminine of genius.

His native refinement, his hatred of self-assertion, and his indifference to fame were qualities, whatever their drawbacks, pleasant for the wearied eye to rest on in this bustling day. To pass from the love of literature for its own sake to the love of study for its own sake, what Sainte-Beuve calls *l'étude pour l'étude*, we may class together among literary events of the year the collected issue of the papers of Mark Pattison and Henry Bradshaw. Long may both Oxford and Cambridge have their monument of disinterested study to show when they come to talk with university reformers at the gate! If none of our novelists are quite of the stature of the departed giants, there are still left to us a large number of able and gifted writers, with Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant at their head; and from all except Mr. Meredith, who has given us no novel since 'Diana,' we have had within a year good and characteristic work. But we have had no surprises. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Anstey have perhaps revealed a new facet of their talents. Mr. Froude has returned to his first love Fiction, and produced a stirring historical romance. And in 'Micah Clarke' and 'A Window in Thrums,' Mr. Doyle and Mr. Barrie have given us, in two very different styles, books of exceptional merit. Mr. Kipling's stories, too, have now attracted in England the attention which they had already secured in India. From America, Miss Amélie Rives has come as a wonder to many. Mr. Bret Harte began the year with the publication (in book form) of 'Cressy': a story, barring its not quite satisfactory conclusions, in his best style; and his best style it is difficult to beat in the whole range of story-telling. For the rest, it has been in America as with us here—a number of very competent workmen have done some creditable work.—*The St. James's Gazette.*

### Notes.

THERE is unusual activity in the publishing-trade in New York this spring; not that the number of books in course of publication is noticeably larger than usual, but an unusually large number of publishers and booksellers are, for one reason or another, changing their quarters, for better or for worse—in most cases for the better, we are happy to believe. In the first place, THE CRITIC will be issued after May 1 from Nos. 52-54 Lafayette Place, where it has found a home perfectly adapted to its growing needs in the large fire-proof brick building with terra-cotta trimmings just erected next door to the Astor Library. The offices of THE CRITIC were in the same street from Feb. 1882 to Dec. 1883, and its advantages as a place of business are familiar to editors and publishers alike. Chas. E. Merrill & Co., educational publishers, and the Orange Judd Co., publishers of agricultural books and periodicals, will remove on the same day to the same building, which is provided with freight and passenger elevators, and probably will soon be tenanted entirely by publishers. The present quarters of THE CRITIC, at 743-745 Broadway, will be occupied hereafter by *Scribner's Magazine*, which has outgrown its present offices in the Scribner building. Other changes in the neighborhood have been necessitated by the approaching demolition of Clinton Hall (formerly the Astor Place Opera House, famous for the Forrest-Macready riots), on the ground floor of which David G. Francis, the well-known dealer in old and rare books, and John Wiley & Sons, publishers of scientific works and the writings of Ruskin, have been quartered for twenty-two years. Mr. Francis has gone to 12 East 15th Street; Messrs. Wiley to 53 East 10th. From the corner of Broadway and 8th Street, Ivison, Blakeman & Co., educational publishers, have gone, as a part of the American Book Co., to 808 Broadway. A change still further uptown is that of J. O. Wright, dealer in old books and fine editions, from Sypher's, in East 17th Street, to 6 East 42d.

—Writers for the young will be interested in T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s announcement of a prize of \$600 for the best manuscript of a story 'suitable for the Sunday-school and home library.' For the second best the offer is \$400. Further details may be obtained by addressing the publishers in Boston.

—Dr. E. N. Sneath, lecturer on the History of Philosophy at Yale, has projected a series of small volumes of selections from the leading philosophers from Descartes down, so arranged as to present an outline of their systems. Each volume will contain a biographical sketch of the author, a statement of the historical position of his system, and a bibliography. Those so far arranged for are 'Descartes,' by Prof. Ladd of Yale; 'Spinoza,' by Prof. Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania; 'Locke,' by Prof. Russell of Williams; 'Berkeley,' by ex-President Porter of Yale; 'Hume,' by Dr. Sneath of Yale; and 'Hegel,' by Prof. Royce of Harvard. Kant, Comte, and Spencer will be added to the series certainly, and others if encouragement is received. The publishers will be Henry Holt & Co.



—Lea Brothers & Co. of Philadelphia, have in press a volume of essays by Mr. Henry C. Lea, entitled 'Chapters from the Religious History of Spain,' treating of subjects connected with the Inquisition.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a complete edition of the works of James Russell Lowell, in a large-paper edition in ten volumes limited to three hundred copies for America. The prose works fill six volumes, and are thus distributed: Literary Essays (4) Political Essays (1), Literary and Political Addresses (1). These will contain some matter hitherto uncollected. The poems have been carefully revised, and 'The Biglow Papers' annotated for the benefit of posterity. An index to the prose, and a table of first lines to the poetry, complete the scheme.

—'Silver in Europe,' by S. Dana Horton, representative of the United States at the Paris Conferences of 1878 and 1881 and author of 'The Silver Pound and England's Monetary Policy Since the Restoration,' will be published at once by Macmillan & Co.

—Mr. Edward S. Van Zile has become the manager of a Literary Department just established by the United Press, for the syndication of correspondence and miscellaneous literary matter in American and foreign newspapers.

—Mrs. Erving Winslow has recently received the following letter, dated Munich, April 6, 1890:—'Very honored lady: It was a great and deeply-felt pleasure to me to learn some particulars of the readings you have already given of my dramatic works, as well as of the extended tour which you propose to undertake. For your active and unwearied endeavors to bring my writings before the public, in which you have already been so successful, I beg you to accept my warmest and heartiest thanks, whilst I wish you, at the same time, a great deal of good fortune in the artistic tour which you are planning. With the best and most courteous greetings, I have the honor to sign myself your very devoted Henrik Ibsen.'

—Mr. Charles Henry Webb lends a helping hand to a good cause by giving an interesting account, in *Harper's Young People*, of the Boys' Free Reading-Room conducted by Dr. Malleon at 8 West 14th Street, this city.

—It is proposed, in connection with the statistics of the newspaper and periodical press for the Eleventh Census, to form two collections of all the newspapers, magazines, and periodical publications of every character and description printed in the United States during the month of April 1890. One set, properly classified and bound, will be deposited in the Library of Congress, where the similar collection made in connection with the Census of 1880 is now preserved, and the other will be deposited in the National Museum.

—Mr. Hubert P. Main has compiled, and Biglow & Main of this city have just published, 'Floral Praise,' No. 8, a new service designed especially for Children's Day, consisting of hymns, tunes, and selections for responsive reading.

—At the Pan-American Conference, on the 18th inst., favorable action was taken upon a proposition to establish a Spanish-American library at Washington.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for early publication a story by Elbridge S. Brooks, entitled 'A Son of Issachar: A Tale of the Days of Messias'—one of the three prize stories published by the *Detroit Free Press*. Their other announcements include 'The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare,' by J. J. Jusserand, richly illustrated with reproductions of designs of the period; 'The Trials of a Country Parson,' by the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D., author of 'Arcady,' etc.; 'Parsifal: The Finding of Christ through Art; or, Richard Wagner as a Theologian,' by Albert Ross Parsons; 'The Othello of Tommaso Salvini,' a study, by Edward T. Mason; and 'Maimonides,' an essay, by Rabbi Louis Grossmann.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Robert Browning: Personalia,' by Edmund Gosse; 'Liberal Living upon Narrow Means,' by Christine Terhune Herrick; 'The Church's Certain Faith,' by George Zabriskie Gray, D.D.; and a new edition of 'Matthew Calbraith Perry: A Typical American Naval Officer,' by William Elliot Griffis, D.D.

—Mr. Austin Dobson is writing a series of literary studies, to appear, from time to time, in *The Christian Union*.

—The next volume in the series of American Statesmen will be devoted to John Jay. It will be written by Mr. George Pellew—an able writer, who has the advantage, as a biographer, of being related to the famous Chief-Justice.

—Fords, Howard & Hulbert will be the publishers of Amos K. Fiske's 'Midnight Talks at the Club.'

—At a meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College on April 7, a resolution was adopted that there be offered annually as a prize to the student passing the best entrance examination to the School

of Arts, a free scholarship for the course of four years. The Alumni Competitive Scholarship will consist in exemption from tuition fees during the whole college course, except that if the holder fails to maintain a standing satisfactory to the Faculty the scholarship may be recalled. All privileges, including the right of competition for any and all prizes offered during the college course, will be open to the holder of this scholarship, which was established in response to a petition from the Alumni Association of the College.

—Mrs. Grant is said to be at work upon a volume of memoirs of the General which will include the letters he wrote to her during the War.

—Robert Clarke & Co. publish this month Butterfield's 'History of the Girtys'—a limited edition, printed from type.

—A despatch from Berlin brings news of the announcement by Prof. Stolzle of Wurzburg of the discovery in a library at Augsburg of a manuscript of Giordano Bruno containing criticisms on Aristotle, and letters relating to various studies. A despatch from Newburg announces the sale, for use as a lunatic asylum, of N. P. Willis's old home Idlewild, at Cornwall on the Hudson.

—Mr. Rider Haggard is described by Mr. Eugene Field as 'not particularly prepossessing.' He looks 'like a good-natured boy, that is all. His head is small and his nose is large: he has blue eyes and red cheeks; his manner is that of a loose-jointed, companionable fellow.'

—Wednesday was the 326th anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare. (It was also, as it happened, the seventy-second anniversary of the birth of Mr. Froude; and the fifty-seventh of that of Mr. Depew.) At the monthly dinner of the Fellowcraft Club, Mr. Richard W. Gilder read a sonnet on Shakespeare; and after-dinner speeches bearing more or less directly on the same subject were made by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Judge Barrett, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor.

—*The Pall Mall* says that Mr. Stevenson left Samoa for the colonies en route for England last month. Before he left he visited the Malua Institution, Samoa, spending a few days there. He gave an earnest and powerful address to the native students on 'Truthfulness and Sincerity of Life and Character the Test and Qualification of the Teacher of Men.' In Apia, he gave a lecture in aid of the funds for the restoration of a native church in the township, the subject of his lecture being 'Reminiscences of Travel in the East Islands of the Pacific.' At the close of the address, Dr. Steubel, Imperial German Consul, and Mr. Blacklock, United States Vice-Consul, proposed and seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Stevenson.

—Willis J. Beecher, D.D., has published in pamphlet form his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the new building for Wells College, June 17, 1889. It is a plea for 'Small Colleges.'

—*The Century*, in connection with the anniversary of the centenary of Washington's inauguration, prints in its May number several articles on original portraits of the Washingtons and 'Some New Washington Relics.' Among the portraits is a frontispiece from a hitherto unengraved profile view of Washington, by James Wright. Two brief unsigned articles on Marie Bashkirtseff are written by women. One critic is very enthusiastic, the other much less so. The 'views' are accompanied by new portraits, and by reproductions of some of Marie's pictures.

—Archdeacon Farrar will dedicate his new book, 'Truth to Live By,' to Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

—Mr. Gladstone, at the invitation of the editor (Mr. Thos. Catling), has just written an article for *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* in which he deals with the social progress of the people—presenting a review of the past, a study of the present, and a hopeful anticipation of the future of labor. After maintaining its present form for forty-seven years the paper founded by the late Edward Lloyd is about to be enlarged; and Mr. Gladstone's article will be the first of a series of contributions by leading writers. *Lloyd's* is said to have a circulation of more than 700,000 copies.

—Mr. H. D. Traill is about to publish under the title of 'Saturday Songs,' a selection from the political verse contributed by him in the course of the last few years to *The Saturday Review*.

—Kossuth has nearly ready for publication three additional volumes of his memoirs.

—At a sale of scarce books in London, the following brought the sums named: John Payne's 'Arabian Nights,' printed by the Villon Society, 8*l.* 15*s.*; first edition of Wordsworth's Poems, 1807, 3*l.*; Cruikshank's 'Table Book,' first edition, complete in the wrappers as issued, 8*l.* 15*s.*; Thackeray's 'Irish Sketch Book,' first edition, with engravings drawn by the author, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Thackeray's 'Paris Sketch Book,' first edition, numerous designs by the author, 8*l.* 15*s.*; Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' first edition, 8*l.*; first edition of 'Pickwick,' 4*l.* 5*s.*; of the 'Tale of Two Cities,'

illustrated by H. K. Browne, 2*l.* 18*s.*; of 'Henry Esmond,' 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' elegantly bound, 5*l.* 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' plates by Rowlandson, brought 7*l.* 10*s.*; and the first edition of Grimm's 'German Stories,' with plates by George Cruikshank, 47*l.*; the first octavo edition of 'Oliver Twist,' in original parts, with the covers as fresh as issued, 22*l.* 10*s.*; and 'Vanity Fair,' in the original parts, 18*l.* 5*s.*

—Librarian Foster, in his twelfth annual report of the condition of the Providence Public Library, points out that the proportion of its circulation of fiction has now been reduced to fifty-six one-hundredths of all the books that go out. The Boston *Herald* says: 'This is believed to be a remarkably low figure, but in our own Public Library the same point has been noted. The circulation of fiction is not relatively increasing.'

—The poets of Europe have been invited to contribute sonnets of homage to Beatrice, to be read at the Beatrice celebration at Florence in May and June. The autographs will be framed and hung in perpetuity in the new Sala Dantesca, which is being added to the National Library for the purpose of commemorating the festival. Swinburne, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang and Lewis Morris are among the British poets contributing.

—Ten dollars each from Miss Florence Harriot and S. Carman Harriot, Jr., bring the total of recent contributions to the New York Free Circulating Library up to \$11,735.

—Mr. Froude has written as follows to the authors of the 'Memorials of a Southern Planter':—'No literary act could have been more successful in presenting to us the life and actions of so admirable a man. You have left the story to tell itself by the simple use of the materials in your hands; and the patriarchal figure stands before us, as a just and beneficent master in the days of his prosperity, and more nobly and victoriously in bearing up against his unmerited misfortunes.'

—After ten years of not unmixed prosperity, *Le Livre* underwent, at the beginning of 1890, certain radical modifications, and as *Le Livre Moderne* is to-day much more 'up to the times' than it used to be. It is an illustrated monthly, of which only 1000 (beautifully printed) copies are issued. M. Octave Uzanne is still the editor.

—Among the first ventures, as a publisher, of Mr. Edward Arnold, nephew of the late Matthew Arnold, and until recently the editor of *Murray's Magazine*, is a handsome volume, issued last Saturday, of Jeremiah Lynch's 'Egyptian Sketches'—according to Mr. Harold Frederic 'one of the most naively-interesting and picturesque books an American author has yet written about the East.'

—*Harper's Weekly* contains this week, in an eight-page supplement, a comprehensive account of 'The Stanley-Emin Relief Expedition.' The paper is elaborately illustrated.

—Speaking of Mary E. Wilkins's volume of New England short stories, 'A Humble Romance,' etc., the London *Literary World* remarked recently: 'It is to be hoped that these charming idylls will inspire some writer in Old England to crystalize for us some such quaint or curious types of character and idiosyncrasy.'

—The English scientific journal, *Nature*, has commented upon the lack of ventilation of the Johns Hopkins University public lecture-room. Is it not time for the University to make itself above reproach in that respect? Why not at once provide a room in which there may be a full sweep of clean, fresh air over the heads of a wide-awake audience?

—We find this paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

The Australian mail brings us further interviews with Robert Louis Stevenson. Asked if he had read the article in the *New Review* on 'Candour in Fiction,' he replied: 'No, but I gather that it deals with a phase of the question which I hardly care to touch. I do not in my own works like to trench on dangerous ground, and prefer to have my writings as pure as possible. Zola I consider a victim of sexual insanity, who gives an entirely unreal and false picture of life, picking out merely the blemishes of modern civilization and exaggerating them as if they were really expressions of the average type. I may say that, familiar as I am with French life, I have never seen anything to justify the brutality painted by Zola. This influence is decidedly evil. Your average English shopkeeper gets hold of a work of Zola's, and rubs his hands delightedly. "Ha, ha!" he cries, "here is something really indecent. Never thought they would allow anything like this to be published." And then he glazes over it.'

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* prints this account of Lord Tennyson as a cheap-book buyer:—

In a forthcoming sale of autographs will be included a fresh batch of Lord Tennyson's letters. One, dated 1844, shows how the poet, though on the pleasure of reading bent, was still of frugal mind. 'My dear

Maxon,' he writes, 'I want you to get me a book which I see advertised in the *Examiner*—it seems to contain many speculations with which I have been familiar for years, & on which I have written more than one poem. The book is called "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," and published by J. Churchill, Princes-street, Soho: the price is 7*s.* 6*d.*, but you can get it cheaper. Another book I long very much to see is that on the superiority of the modern painters to the old ones and the greatness of Turner as an artist, by an Oxford undergraduate, I think. I do not much wish to buy it—it may be dear. Perhaps you could borrow it for me out of the L. Library, or from Rogers. I saw it lying on this table. I would promise to take care of it and send it back in due time. At any rate, let me have the other.' It is almost unnecessary to say that the 'Oxford undergraduate' is, of course, Ruskin, and the book 'Modern Painters.' Another letter, written thirty-two years later, when the Poet Laureate came nearer to being a rich man, shows his readiness to help. 'My Dear Strahan,' he writes, 'R. Buchanan has written to me saying that Walt Whitman is in great straits, almost starving. I am referred to you, and I accordingly forward this cheque for 5*l.*, which I beg you to transmit to him at your earliest convenience.'

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### ANSWERS

1522.—The lines, 'Like as a plank of driftwood tossed on a watery main,' etc., may be found in 'The Book of Good Counsels,' written in Sanskrit B.C. 1600; translated by Edwin Arnold in 1861. Matthew Arnold, in 'The Terrace at Berne,' says:—

Like driftwood spars, which meet and pass  
Upon the boundless ocean plain;  
So on the sea of life, alas!  
Man nears man, meets, and leaves again.'

N. H.

[C. W. A. of Jacksonville, Ill., and C. W. C. of Williamsburg, Va., send similar answers.]

1523.—I have the lines, 'How much a man is like old shoes,' in my scrap-book, where they are credited to H. C. Dodge, from *Judge*. I enclose a copy of them.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

O. L. W.

[M. E. H. of New York sends a similar reply.]

1525.—Following are the lines correctly given. See Bryon's 'Don Juan,' Canto VII., stanza 27:—

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,  
Their haste or waste, I neither know nor care,  
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,  
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware  
Of homicide; but there was no solidity  
In the new batteries erected there;  
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,  
And added greatly to the missing list.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

F. P. W.

[G. H. S. of Cambridge, Mass., answers to the same effect.]

## Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Ankrell, J. Gospel and Epistle Hymns. 50c.....	Church Record Co.
Blackburn, C. H. The Trial of Jesus. 50c.....	Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Butterfield, C. W. History of the Girtya. \$3.50....	Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Callanan, J. H. Practical Questions in United States History. 40c	Rochester: Educational Gazette Co.
Checkley, E. A Natural Method of Physical Training. \$1.50.	Brooklyn: W. C. Bryant & Co.
Commemorative Services at the First Church of Christ in Quincy.....	Quincy, Mass.
De Peyster, J. W. Mary Stuart, Bothwell, and the Casket Letters. J. Watts de Peyster.	
Drysdale, W. The Princess of Montserrat. \$1.....	Albany: Albany Book Co.
Giles, C. Why I am a Churchman. 25c.....	Phila.: Wm. H. Alden.
Hammond, W. A. Lal. 50c.....	Boston: D. Appleton & Co.
Heroic Ballads. Ed. by D. H. Montgomery.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hutibert, W. H. France and the Republic.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Hutchinson, H. G. Golf. \$3.50.....	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Jerome, J. K. Stage-Land. \$1.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Kingsley, C. Hereward the Wake. 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. Ed. by C. Edmonds. \$2.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Sterrett, J. M. Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion. \$2.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Swedenborg, E. The Divine Love and Wisdom.....	American Swedenborg Print. & Pub. Soc.
Ward, R. H. Plant Organization. 85c.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wilkins, A. S. Roman Literature. 35c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Wolf, A. R. Ventilation of Buildings. 25c.....	A. R. Wolff.
Zurcher, G. Handcuffs for Alcoholism. 25c.....	Buffalo Plains, N. Y.: George Zurcher.



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